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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

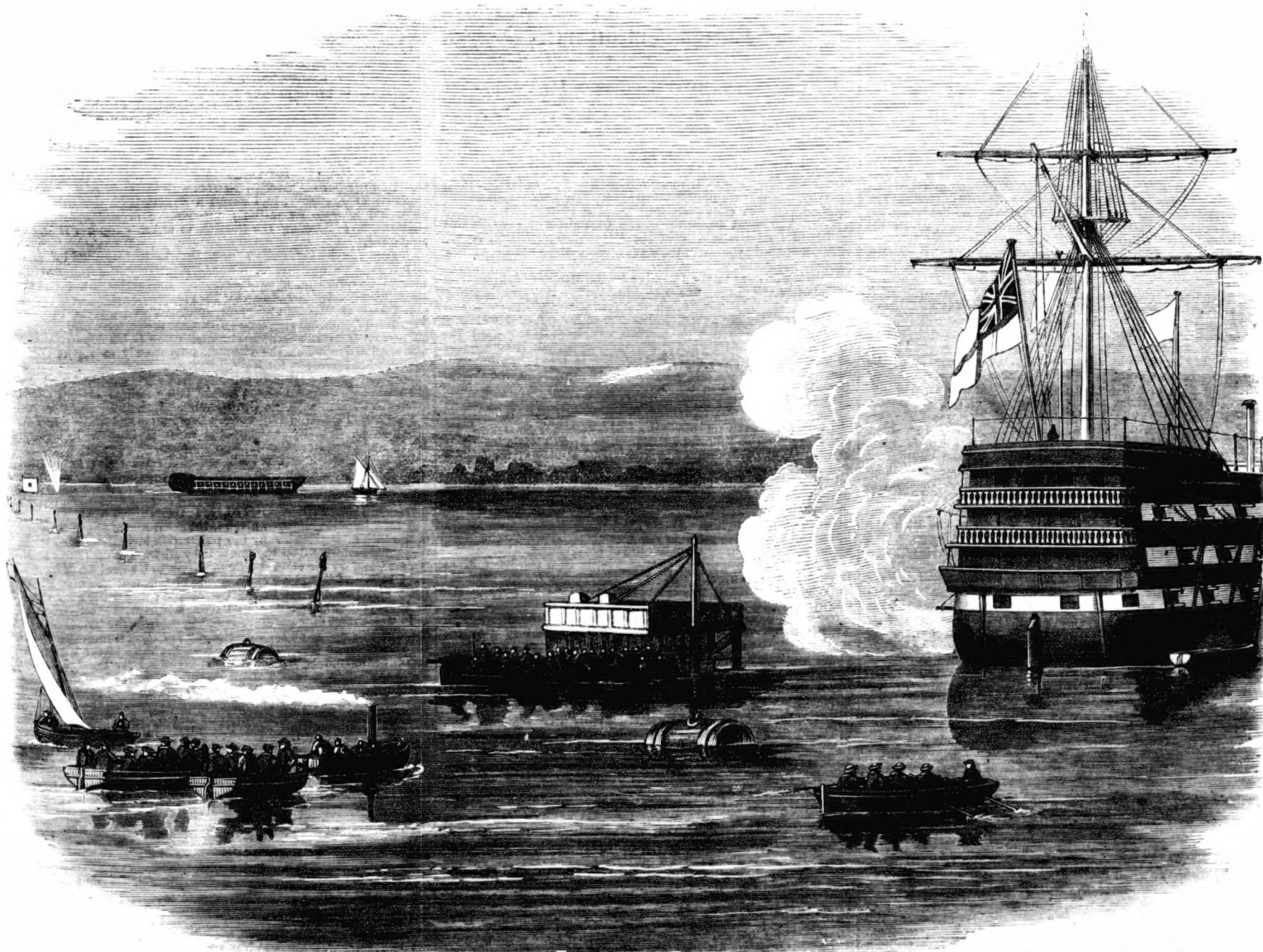
THE treaty by which Denmark finds herself formally despoiled of Schleswig, Holstein, and Lauenburg has at last been signed. It is not a document which can be studied in England with any pleasure, and we do not see what satisfaction can be derived from it even by those German "Liberals" at whose summons the war was commenced, or whose outcry was, at least, made the pretext for commencing it. Schleswig, Holstein, and Lauenburg—or what the Germans chose to call "Schleswig-Holstein," as though the three provinces really formed a political unity—are lost to Denmark; but it is not quite clear as yet who has gained them. Thirteen years ago when, at the close of a war between Germany and Denmark, the stipulations were made in favour of the Dano-German provinces the rupture of which led to the war of the present year, it was understood that the contending parties were, on the one side, Denmark, and, on the other, the Germanic Confederation; and it was on behalf of the Germanic Confederation that Austria and Prussia acted and negotiated throughout. Now the Germanic Confederation is not considered in the least, though it was in its name and with its troops that the military operations were commenced, and that Holstein in the middle of last winter was formally occupied. The treaty of peace makes

the conquered provinces over to Austria and Prussia, and not to Confederate Germany, just as the Treaty of Villafranca made over Lombardy to France, fighting more or less evidently in Italy's name, but not to the Italians themselves. Ultimately, Prussia and Austria may act with a little more good faith towards Germany than they have shown towards Denmark; but hitherto they have deceived, insulted, and wronged both the combatants. Not, however, that Austria is nearly so sure to reap profit from this inglorious war as Prussia seems to be. Prussia will at least take to herself the little duchy of Lauenburg, but no part of Schleswig or Holstein can ever belong to Austria. Prussia, moreover, has given notice of her intention to move in the Diet that the federal troops be withdrawn from Holstein, where, inasmuch as Holstein has been ceded to Prussia and Austria, it might easily be shown that they have no right to remain.

We do not yet know to what extent Prussia will gain by the dismemberment of Denmark, but it is quite clear that the party of German union will not derive any advantage from it. This union is so remarkable at the present moment that Austria is on bad terms with Prussia, and has just got rid of the Foreign Minister who was so earnest a partisan of the Prussian alliance, while Prussia is discontented with the Confederation for not evacuating

Holstein; the Confederation being in its turn disgusted with Prussia for proposing to annex Lauenburg, and with both Prussia and Austria for the suspicious form that they have given to the treaty. Even Berlin seems to be divided against itself; and a fresh quarrel between Herr Bismark and his Parliament is said to be impending, in which, if the Danish war be the subject of dispute, we may be sure this time that both parties will be in the wrong.

The determination of the provinces of British North America to form a Confederation is said to have caused a certain amount of irritation in New York, which would only be a new proof of the desirability of that step from the British and Colonial point of view. In former days, when the possibility of the United becoming the Disunited States was never seriously thought of, we used to hear a good deal about the "manifest destiny" of the Anglo-Americans to spread over the whole of the American continent. Such "tall talk" as this should not be indulged in now, when the most manifest thing in the destiny of what formed once (and for something like three quarters of a century) the United States Republic, is, that it must soon be broken up into two or more parts. It may afterwards be pretended, of course, that each of the parts has a conquering mission of its own. But this will be like saying that a pickpocket has a mission, and that



GUNNERY PRACTICE ON BOARD HER MAJESTY'S SHIP EXCELLENT, UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF THE ARMSTRONG AND WHITWORTH GUNS COMMITTEE.
(FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT SECOMBE.)

it is his "manifest destiny" to seize his neighbour's handkerchief or purse.

In the meanwhile it appears that a very important measure is about to be proposed in the Congress of the Southern Confederation. The armies of the South are known to be composed of better material than those of the North, but, at the same time, to be greatly inferior to them in numbers. It seems at last to have occurred to the Confederates that the fugitive negroes, who are now made to fight against them by the Federal Commanders (and who have been enlisted, it is said, to the number of two hundred thousand), might just as well be doing battle on the Southern side. They are lost to their proprietors as it is; but, had they been set free, they at least would not have turned their hands against their liberators, and might easily have been induced to remain in their service as soldiers. Such at least is the argument now put forth by a certain number of Southern politicians, who propose to liberate and arm either a portion or the whole of the negro population. To liberate a portion, however, would be to cause discontent among those who would still remain in bondage, and it might be a dangerous experiment to set free the whole of the slaves at once. The measure will, no doubt, be attended by many difficulties, but it will in all probability be adopted in some shape or other. It has been discovered that the negro can fight, and fighting will for some time to come be his trade as well as that of the white man in America. That those who have once been soldiers will never again be slaves may be looked upon as certain; and thus, in a way little expected, one result of the American war will be to cause the liberation of a greater or lesser number of negroes through the direct agency of their own proprietors.

ARTILLERY EXPERIMENTS AT PORTSMOUTH.

THE great cause of "Whitworth v. Armstrong" entered upon a new phase on Monday week, in the commencement of the trial of the three 70-pounder rifled guns at Portsmouth, which have been constructed on the plans of Sir William Armstrong and Mr. Whitworth for competitive trial as naval service guns. Two of these weapons have been furnished by Sir William Armstrong, one being on the wedge breech-loading and the other on the shunt muzzle-loading principle. The third gun is Mr. Whitworth's, on his ordinary muzzle-loading principle, but it is fired from a rear vent leading to the centre of the cartridge through a paper tube.

The members of the commission appointed to superintend and report upon the trials, which it is, perhaps, necessary to state here are merely a continuation of those which have already occupied their attention at Shoeburyness, arrived at Portsmouth by early train from London, and immediately embarked on board the gunnery-ship *Excellent*, Captain Astley C. Key, C.B., on the port battery of which ship the three guns were mounted, and whence the trials were to commence.

The members of the committee comprised Major-General Randall Lunley, Inspector-General of Infantry, President; Major-General Taylor, Inspector-General of Artillery; Colonel Ormsby, R.A.; Captain Wilson, Royal Navy; Colonel Simmons, R.E.; Captain Singer, Royal Navy; Major Young, R.A.; Professor Pole, F.R.S.; and Major Dyer, Secretary. Mr. Whitworth and Viscount Torrington were present as representing the Whitworth Ordnance Company, and Captain Noble and Mr. Rendall represented the Elswick Ordnance Company.

The programme of the committee provided, in the first instance, for 120 rounds to be fired from each gun, from on board the *Excellent*, sixty rounds to be "independent" firing, at 2600 yards' range, each gun to do its best at the target; and sixty rounds to be "quick" firing, as though firing point blank at an engaged enemy, time to be taken in both instances. In the quick firing the gun not to be laid on any target, but a sufficient amount of elevation to be given to prevent the chance of an awkward ricochet, and training enough to keep the flight of the shot in as straight a line with the target as necessary to keep it clear of other objects. The wedge gun to be fired with a 9 lb. charge of powder, the shunt gun and Mr. Whitworth's muzzle loader to be fired with each a 10 lb. charge. The non-arrival of the cartridges for Mr. Whitworth's gun from Woolwich effectually debarred it from all share in the day's firing, which was thus confined to Sir William Armstrong's two guns.

The firing was resumed next day, principally to test the merits of the several guns for quick firing; but the day's work was, however, prematurely cut short soon after noon by the choking of the rear vent of the Whitworth after having fired its fifty-eighth round; and, as it was absolutely necessary to discover the exact cause, the vent had to be unscrewed and removed from the breech of the gun for examination by the committee. This operation, an entirely new feature, and one of no small importance in relation to guns on board ship, as giving means of immediate remedy, was successfully carried out, and the vent, on examination, was found to be simply "fouled," but uninjured in any of its metal parts. The introduction of this rear vent in a gun under trial has been a bold measure on the part of Mr. Whitworth; for certain difficulties must be expected to be met with in the introduction of any new idea, however sound such idea may be in reality; and one of these small difficulties Mr. Whitworth met with in the fouling of his newly-introduced rear-vent piece. The temporary choking of the vent, however, can not affect the gun's merits, as the fault simply lay in the form and position of the vent, and the disuse of a cleansing wire, as used in the other guns, after each discharge of the gun. The vent lies on a line with the cartridge, in lieu of being at right angles as with other guns, and the opening for the fuse lies inside the breech-ring. By this arrangement Mr. Whitworth, with the aid of a paper tube leading from the base to the centre of the cartridge, fires his column of powder charge in the centre, or rather just aft of the centre, and thus burns the whole of his powder, and with no damage to his gun, as would be with the ordinary vent; but, at the same time, the greater amount of the force created is expended in the rear of the chamber and on the inner face of the vent. This vent is simply a hollow cone, with the base next the powder-cartridge and the fine point of its apex at the fuse end, and the result of every explosion of a cartridge in the chamber of the gun deposits a greater or less amount of foul coating upon the inside of the conical vent, as it would upon the interior of an ordinary vent, the amount differing in its nature according to the state of the atmosphere.

The fouling of the vent of the Whitworth piece having been rectified, the experiments proceeded, and the results of four days' firing of twenty rounds from each gun appear to be as follow:—

Independent Target Firing.—Wedge, 10m. 23s.; Whitworth, 12m. 36s.; Shunt, 16m. 28s.

Quick Firing.—Wedge, 7m. 17s.; Shunt, 10m. 5s.; Whitworth, 10m. 10s.; 65 cwt. 8-in. smooth-bore, 9m. 5s.

On Friday the 70-pounders entered upon their second stage of trial with direct shell-firing at the Alfred target-ship, to test percussion fuses against a wooden ship. The Alfred is an old armour-plate target-ship, with her broken armour removed from her sides and then planked over externally, and her ports filled in with 4-in. fir planking. She lay moored in Porchester Creek, with her port broadside presented to the Stork gun-boat, which was moored 700 yards distant, with the three 70-pounders on her deck, mounted on pivoted slide-carriages. The special committee, with Captain A. C. Key, C.B., took up their quarters on board the *Erebus* floating-

battery, which was lying at the bend of Porchester Creek, and about 400 yards distant from the Alfred, the latter vessel being stem on to the view of the committee from the deck of the *Erebus*, and thus affording a capital position on the battery's deck to view the effects of the shells as they were fired at the target-ship. The Whitworth shells contained a bursting charge of 2½ lb., and were fired with a 10 lb. charge. The Armstrong shunt-gun shell contained a bursting charge of 4½ lb., and was also fired with a 10 lb. charge. The Armstrong wedge-gun shell contained a bursting charge of 4½ lb., and was fired with a 9 lb. charge. The first shell was fired from the shunt gun, went over the ship without exploding, and was afterwards brought back by a fisherman, who had recovered it in a field on the north shore of the harbour, about 4000 yards from where it was fired from. The second shell was from the Whitworth gun, and also went over the ship. The third, from the wedge gun, burst in the ship. The fourth, from the Whitworth, burst in the ship. The fifth, from the shunt, burst prematurely between the gun and the ship, and the sixth from the same gun did the same. The seventh, from the shunt, went over the ship, its first graze being about 400 yards beyond the target-ship. The eighth, ninth, and tenth shells, all from the shunt, all burst close to the muzzle or in the gun. Nos. 11, 12, 13, 14, and 15 were fired from the Whitworth gun, and all burst in the ship. Nos. 16, 17, 18, 19, and 20 were fired from the wedge gun, and all burst in the ship. A visit to the ship at this stage of the proceedings disclosed the fact to the committee that the damage inflicted upon the interior of the ship by the respective shells might be approximately proportioned according to the amount of their bursting charge, but it was impossible to draw any very exact and reliable comparisons. The decks of the ship were covered with splinters, sufficient in quantity to have wounded or killed every man who might have been stationed upon them had the ship been in action, but the ship was nowhere on fire, nor was she, as yet, at all seriously damaged externally.

The firing was resumed with the twenty-fourth shell from the shunt gun, which burst on the off gunwale of the ship and inside. Four more followed from the same gun, three of which burst in the ship and one burst on passing through the ship. The Whitworth gun next took up the firing with five shells, making the total number up to thirty. Four of these burst in the ship, but one (No. 29) went over and burst some 300 yards beyond. The wedge gun followed with six shells, making the total number fired at the ship for the day thirty-six. Four of these burst inside the ship; one burst on striking, and one passed through the ship and buried itself in the mud in the distance without bursting. This concluded the firing.

As to the general results, they may be very briefly summed up in the words before made use of—the damage may be fairly apportioned to each shell according to its bursting charge. Beams were split up, and broken, and hurled over the target-ship's deck with ugly, jagged pieces of the broken shells, strips of planking, and cartloads of wooden splinters; but the ship was not set fire to. So far for the inside of the ship. With regard to her outside, a neatly cut hole plainly told where the shell had entered the ship; but the damage, with one exception, did not extend beyond the spot struck. The exception referred to is a most remarkable one, and will afford most valuable data for the guidance of the Lords of the Admiralty in their intended application of chain-cable armour to the broadsides of our wooden ships in the wake of their engines and boilers. The shell broke the cable clean in two, and, exploding by the force of impact and resistance to its flight, drove in the ship's planking and timber, doing more damage, in fact, to the ship's side externally than all the other shells put together. Here was clear proof that the sure means to ensure damage to a wooden ship's side from rifled shell was simply to hang chain cables over her side for so-called protection. The chain thus struck was one of three cables with which the ship was slung vertically, as is usual with all target vessels.

The experiments are not yet finished.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

It is reported in Paris that M. Drouyn de Lhuys' explanations, regarding the Franco-Italian Convention, having dissatisfied the Italians and failed to propitiate the clerical party, the Foreign Minister feels his position untenable, and is seriously contemplating resigning.

ITALY.

The Italian Parliament is engaged in discussing the Convention. Signor Visconti Venosta, the late Foreign Minister, made an eloquent and vigorous defence of the Convention. This statesman was by far the ablest and most promising member of the late Administration. The report drawn up by the Committee of the Chamber of Deputies on the subject of the Convention expresses, on the whole, a decided approval of the arrangement which the Convention proposes to rescue.

From a statement to the Chamber by the Minister of Finance, it appears that the finances of the kingdom are in a very unsatisfactory state, no less than 200,000,000 lire (about £8,000,000 sterling) being required for the public expenditure to the end of 1864. The Minister did not intend to propose any fresh loans until the financial position of Italy had considerably improved. He announced an immediate reduction of 60,000,000 lire in the public expenditure. 42,000,000 lire of which will be saved in the Naval Department. To cover the deficit of 200,000,000 the Minister proposed a bill, to come into force prior to the 25th of November, from which he expects an increase of 40,000,000 lire in the proceeds of the tobacco, salt, and other indirect taxes. He also asked for the approval of the Chamber to certain contracts in reference to the Crown property, whereby at least 40,000,000 lire will at once accrue to the Treasury; that the landed-property tax, to the amount of 124,000,000 lire, payable either in silver or coupons of the public debt, should be anticipated; and that authorisation to issue Treasury Bonds to the amount of 36,000,000 lire should be granted to him. Finally, the Minister announced that a bill would be communicated to the Chambers by which the King spontaneously renounces 3,000,000 lire of his civil list.

Some of the Italian papers publish a letter from Garibaldi, dated from Caprera, Oct. 31, and inclosing a subscription for the wounded in Venetia. Garibaldi thanks the Venetians, "who offer us the opportunity of usefully giving our life to Italy," and appeals to the Hungarians, Slavonians, and Galicians in the Austrian army in Venetia to remember that their country is enslaved by the same master against whom the Venetians rebel. It is very difficult to obtain any reliable information as to the nature and strength of this Venetian movement, and, indeed, the public of Turin seem scarcely better informed. But, so far as may be judged, the insurrectionary effort seems only a spasm, devoid of all enduring strength.

GERMANY AND DENMARK.

The official text of the treaty of peace between Denmark and the German Powers has been published. It contains twenty-four articles, together with a protocol referring to the evacuation of Jutland. The principal points of the treaty are already known. Denmark renounces all right to the duchies, cedes the Schleswig islands along with Schleswig, and agrees to recognise any disposal of the ceded territories which the allies may make. Denmark is to be compensated for the war contributions levied in Jutland, and the vessels and cargoes captured on each side during the war are to be restored to the owners indemnified. The treaty has been laid before the Rigsraad, which opened on Saturday, and has been approved by the Lower House by a majority of fifty-five votes to twenty-one. The deputies present from Schleswig and the enclaves ceded by the treaty to Germany all voted against the adoption of the treaty. The bill now goes to the Upper House.

TURKEY.

The Budget for 1864-5 shows a revenue of £14,737,231. The

expenditure is estimated at £14,571,238. The increase in the latter over that of last year is occasioned by the public debt and the Circassian immigration. A reduction in the army and navy expenses to the amount of £37,758 will be made.

JAPAN.

By telegram from Paris we hear that the Straits of Simonosaki are open, the passage having been forced by sixteen vessels of war, after three days' fighting. All the batteries have been destroyed, and sixty 24 and 36 pounder bronze guns have been embarked. The loss of life has been small, considering the result, and no officers have been killed. The Japanese have asked for peace.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

WAR NEWS.

Our advices from America are to the 1st inst.

General Grant reports that on the 27th ult. he made a reconnaissance in force of General Lee's right, simultaneously with an advance by Butler against the left, and found him fully prepared against attack at all points. The Confederates made a sortie against Grant, from their right, and, after an obstinate contest, drove him back, with the loss of several hundred killed and wounded and a number of prisoners. General Grant claims to have captured 900 prisoners. This repulse of Grant is stated to have been much more serious than was at first reported. He lost 1500 killed and wounded. Butler's losses were still heavier.

Confederate accounts confirm Federal reports of the battle of Cedar Creek, on the 19th ult., and state that Early retired to Newmarket, whence he would speedily assume the offensive. They claim the capture of 1300 prisoners. Their loss in killed and wounded is under 1000. Two thousand five hundred Federal wounded in the battle had arrived at Martinsburg. The Confederates were reported to be in strong force, and to be reorganising, in the Shenandoah Valley. Their cavalry occupied Fisher's Hill, their main force being at Newmarket. Sheridan was at Cedar Creek.

Heavy fighting between General Price's army and the Federals, under Curtis, Rosecranz, Pleasanton, and A. J. Smith, was reported to have occurred near Independence, Missouri, on the 21st, 22nd, and 23rd ult. The Federals admit that they were hard pressed on the first two days, but claim on the last to have got Price between two fires and compelled him to retreat southward. St. Louis despatches of the 28th, in describing the reported battles in Missouri, state that General Pleasanton, with 6000 men, in two days marched ninety-two miles, defeated Price with 25,000 men, capturing 2000 prisoners and all but one of his cannon, and scattered his demoralised army in all directions. This news is not generally credited, as the same despatches which renew the rumours of the defeat of Price with considerable loss in men and artillery, and of his retreat southward, contain reports of the advance of a large Confederate force northward of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railway.

General Hood, who was asserted to have been driven into Alabama by General Sherman, is now reported by Mr. Stanton to be again threatening an advance into Tennessee.

A great naval and military expedition to attack Wilmington, fitted out at Fortress Monroe, and consisting of forty ships, including several ironclads, and 40,000 troops, had been placed under the command of Admiral Porter for immediate operations.

General Beauregard assumed the command of the Confederate Military Division of the West on the 17th ult. He declares that Sherman can and must be driven from Atlanta, of the evacuation of which by the Federals there were rumours current, but denied.

GENERAL NEWS.

President Davis, in a recent speech at Columbia, South Carolina, said that, with the forces over which Beauregard and Hood would have command, Sherman's escape from defeat or disgraceful retreat will be impossible. He again urged absentees to return to their places in the army.

At a convention of the Governors of the Confederate States, at Augusta, Georgia, on the 17th ult., it was unanimously resolved to authorise Congress to place in the military service every able-bodied man, irrespective of colour.

Resolutions passed by the Southern State Governments declare their firm unalterable purpose to maintain the rights of self-government, establish their independence, and uphold the State rights and sovereignty, or perish in the attempt.

The proposed new Constitution for Maryland, which was rejected by a popular majority of upwards of 2000, is declared by the Republicans to have been adopted by the soldiers' vote, which changes the majority to 193 in its favour. The laws of the State do not permit soldiers on the field to vote, and the people have appealed to the Supreme Court to protect them in their rights. Governor Bradford is asserted to side with the citizens. Governor Bramlett, of Kentucky, had issued a proclamation declaring that he would tolerate no military interference in the approaching elections, and directing the Sheriffs to arrest offenders if any be attempted.

General Dix had officially notified that he had received information that large numbers of refugees, deserters and enemies of the Federal Government, were distributing themselves from Canada throughout the frontier States for the purpose of voting or breaking the peace at the approaching elections, and directs Provost-Marshal to adopt all means to effect their arrest. He also requires all persons from the Confederate States now in his department, or who shall arrive before the election, immediately to report themselves at head-quarters for registration.

Fourteen of the Vermont raiders had been captured and imprisoned at St. John's, Canada East. Two of them claim to hold officers' commissions in the Confederate service.

Mr. G. H. Pendleton had written two letters and made a speech, in which he virtually assumes the same position with General McClellan in regard to the Chicago platform.

Wendell Phillips had made a speech asserting that he was not willing to trust Lincoln with the future of the country.

THE FRANCO-ITALIAN CONVENTION.

A NEW impulse has been given to the discussion of the Convention of the 15th of September by the publication in Paris of a series of despatches, addressed on the one side by M. Drouyn de Lhuys to M. Malaret, and on the other by Signor Nigra to General La Marmora. They both profess to give explanations of the real meaning of the many ambiguous terms in the Convention; and while each diplomatist says that he and the other have agreed in private conversations as to the fairness of their respective commentaries, the tenor of their despatches is not at all harmonious. Each of them is more calculated than those which preceded them to buoy the hopes of the Ultramontanes and the Italians respectively. The Minister for Foreign Affairs states that—firstly, among the "violent means" Italy must eschew are the manœuvring of revolutionary agents on the Pontifical territory, as well as every attempt to produce insurrectional movements. Secondly, that the moral means Italy may dispose of consist in the force of civilisation and of progress. Thirdly, that the sole aspirations the Court of Turin can countenance as legitimate are those which can reconcile Italy with the Papacy. This clause is, it will be seen, more ambiguously worded than anything previously written by M. Drouyn de Lhuys to M. de Sartiges. Many French writers—and those, too, writing in obedience to instructions received from the Minister for Foreign Affairs—have demonstrated that the Vatican, with a garden behind it, would be sufficient territory to keep up the fiction of the temporal power, and thus reconcile it and Italy. Others have suggested a pension and a guard of honour, the one greater and the other more brilliant than can now be supported on the States of the Church, to be kept up at the expense of Italy. M. Drouyn de Lhuys next comes to the most important clause of all, which at the same time does not bind France to any definite policy, whether of a neutral or an active kind. The Convention, M. Malaret is told, does not contemplate a revolution in Rome. In the case of such an event France reserves to herself liberty to deal with it as she shall choose.

The French clerical journals do not show themselves satisfied with the concessions just made to them. They rather treat them as a further attempt of the French Government to dupe them. The *Gazette de France*, whose relations with the chief members of the French clergy entitle it to figure as a representative organ, treats the despatch of M. Drouyn de Lhuys certainly as better than nothing, but also as vague, and anything but straightforward. It, too, objects to the term *seems* in connection with the transfer of the capital to Florence—"the fact of the transfer of the capital to Florence seems to cut off the hope of going on to Rome." The other journals also complain of the vagueness of the language used in these despatches, but seem to think that they afford further evidence that the temporal power of the Pope is doomed.

Baron Ricasoli has written a letter to a friend on the subject of the Convention, and the document has found its way into the Milan papers. Baron Ricasoli approves, on the whole, of the Convention—that is, he thinks it is an arrangement which Italy ought to accept. He considers the withdrawal of the French from Rome and the establishment of the principle of non-intervention results of great importance. He asks what Italy can lose by the Convention, and what she has to gain without it. Whatever the inconvenience of a transfer of the capital, Baron Ricasoli thinks the general result will be all in favour of the national objects of Italy. Following the letter of Massimo d'Azeglio, also approving the Convention, this from Ricasoli will have a wide and deep influence over public opinion throughout the Italian peninsula.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND THE ELECTIVE FRANCHISE.

THE following letter has been addressed by President Lincoln to the committee of Tennesseans who recently protested against the test oath required by Governor Johnson as a preliminary to the exercise of the elective franchise in the approaching elections:—

Executive Mansion, Oct. 22, 1864.

Gentlemen,—On the 15th day of this month, as I remember, a printed paper, with a few manuscript interlineations, called a protest, with your names appended thereto, and accompanied by another printed paper, purporting to be a proclamation by Andrew Johnson, Military Governor of Tennessee, and also a manuscript paper purporting to be extracts from the code of Tennessee, were laid before me. At the time these papers were presented, as before stated, I had never seen any of them, nor heard of the subject to which they related, except in a general way only one day previous. Up to the present moment nothing whatever has passed between Governor Johnson, or any one else connected with the proclamation, and myself. Since receiving the papers I have given the subject such brief consideration as I have been able to do in the midst of so many pressing public duties. My conclusion is that I can have nothing to do with the matter, either to sustain the plan as the Convention and Governor Johnson have initiated it, or to revoke or modify it as you demand. By the Constitution and laws the President is charged with no duty in the conduct of the presidential election in any State, nor do I in this case perceive any military reason for his interference in the matter. The movement set on foot by the Convention and Governor Johnson does not, as seems to be assumed by you, emanate from the National Executive. In no proper sense can it be considered as other than an independent movement of at least a portion of the loyal people of Tennessee. I do not perceive in the plan any menace, or violence, or coercion towards anyone. Governor Johnson, like any other loyal citizen of Tennessee, has the right to favour any political plan he chooses; and, as Military Governor, it is his duty to keep peace among and for the loyal people of the State. I cannot discern that by this plan he proposes any more. But you object to the plan. Leaving it alone will be your perfect security against it. It is not proposed to force you into it. Do as you please, peacefully and loyally, on your own account; and Governor Johnson will not molest you, but will protect you against violence so far as is in his power. I presume that the conducting of a presidential election in Tennessee in strict accordance with the old code of the State is not now a possibility. It is scarcely necessary to add that if any election shall be held and any votes shall be cast in the State of Tennessee for president and vice-president of the United States, it will belong, not to the military agents, nor yet to the executive department, but exclusively to another department of the Government to determine whether they are entitled to be counted in conformity with the Constitution and laws of the United States. Except it be to give protection against violence, I decline to interfere in any way with any presidential election.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BANQUET TO M. BERRYER.

On Tuesday night the Bar of England entertained at dinner, in the magnificent historical hall of the Middle Temple, M. Berryer, the father of, and most distinguished advocate and orator at, the French Bar, who is at present on a visit to this country. Between 400 and 500 members of the Bar, including all the most distinguished ornaments of the profession, sat down to dinner, and the coup-d'œil of the fine hall was very striking when the company was assembled. The Attorney-General (Sir Roundell Palmer) occupied the chair. On his right were M. Berryer, the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, Lord Kingsdown, Mr. Walpole, Q.C., M.P., Vice-Chancellor Stuart, the Solicitor-General, the Lord Advocate, Mr. Rolfe, Q.C., and Mr. Robert Phillimore, Q.C. On the left of the chairman were Lord Brougham; M. Desmarest, bâtonnier of the French Bar; the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Justice Knight Bruce, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, Q.C., M.P., Vice-Chancellor Wood, Mr. Baron Martin, Mr. Baron Channell, Sir Edward Ryan, and Mr. Justice Blackburn. The most interesting speeches were those of M. Berryer and M. Desmarest, who had been included in the invitation given to his celebrated confrère. In reply to the toast of his health, which was proposed by the Attorney-General in terms of high eulogy, M. Berryer said:—

You will believe me when I say to you that I am profoundly moved at the aspect of this imposing and almost fraternal reception. I find myself received in the midst of this great and free England, and you will not be astonished if I am somewhat embarrassed in the manner in which I express my sentiments. Yesterday, Mr. Attorney-General, I felicitated you and I felicitated this great and noble country, at seeing the Attorney-General—a rare spectacle for us—manifesting a zeal as enlightened as it is wise, in order to support those associations which have for their object the improvement of the law. To-day, as an advocate, I feel myself moved in finding you speaking as the head of the Bar, and in the name of the advocates of this country—a magnificent spectacle, which recalls to me that such was the custom in my country when the Procureur-Général and the Avocat-Général called themselves the Generals of the advocates. In speaking to me in the name of the English Bar, you have condescended to compliment me upon the labours of my life. I avow that I feel myself humiliated by these compliments. I remember what English advocates have been—those who have honoured me with their friendship. I remember what Lord Lyndhurst was—he whom we all deplore; and that other great man, who was ready to initiate me into all the great affairs of this country, the noble propagator of every progress of every liberal institution, even in this free England—this great man whom I salute, Lord Brougham. After fifty years of labour, I received from my French colleagues a testimony of friendly sympathy. But I was there in the midst of my own. I was sustained by fifty years of friendly relations. Once more I say I was then beside my own friends; but in your company I know not what I should feel. Still, allow me to say what I feel at this moment; it appears to me to be the voice of posterity which I hear falling from your lips. There is a thought more fertile for the future than the homage paid to a single man; there is the alliance of the Bars of the two most civilised nations of the world. I have been present in all the courts of justice in your country, at all the judicial deliberations; and I have been struck at the position accorded to the Bar. Nothing could touch me more than these familiar conversations between the judge and the barrister. They show to the latter the attention which is paid to him, and I see in this a guarantee for the sentiment of independence which must belong to this noble profession. I offer up ardent prayers that the alliance of the two Bars may succeed in being cemented. We cannot in France have these reunions which the law authorises in this country; but we can place ourselves in communication the one with the other, and from these communications will spring, I hope, the union of mutual intelligence. The French Bar has not, like the Bar of England, furnished men for every position of political life. In the midst of our revolutions men who respect themselves have not been willing to accept political employment. The Bar has remained the asylum of those who, offended in their convictions, have not been willing to bend. Amongst us are reckoned men most eminent. We possess free trade; but we must not confine ourselves to free trade in silks and in cottons, we must have free trade in the exchange of ideas. You may find amongst us many things which you may consider good to borrow—we shall find amongst you erudite and enlightened writers, and a powerful press, of which we know nothing. My voice is for the alliance of the two Bars, and I beg of my colleague to second my views.

"The Bar of France" having been proposed by the chairman, M. Desmarest replied, as follows:—

I feel emotion as I rise to reply to the toast so friendly and so affectionate which has been drunk to the Bar of Paris. The union of the two Bars has been the dream of my existence. When one considers the affairs of this world even after a banquet so splendid as the present, it is impossible not to recognise that there are in this world two influences—force and justice. I have no desire to speak ill of force. As to justice, it is here that one may be permitted to speak well of it before your glorious present, and before your ancient glory—permit me to add in the presence also of those two ensigns of right and justice—Lord Brougham and M. Berryer. There is a great similitude in their characters. Both have carried to the highest point the glory of intellect; both have made brilliant figures in public assemblies; both, let me add, are members of the French Academy. I avow that I should be embarrassed if I had to offer here only the tribute of my own gratitude. But as soon as I was informed of your gracious invitation I hastened to profit by those legal reunions authorised in France to inform our advocates of the honour which was done me. All of them, young and old, answered, "Go to England—shake hands." I had not time to consult the members of our provincial Bar, but all of them would have held the same language. I see the grand impersonation of the French judiciary world holding forth its hand to the judiciary world of England—a preliminary step to bring about between us a more intimate alliance, according to the noble idea of him who ought to be our perpetual bâtonnier, and who is for ever our moral bâtonnier. Gentlemen—permit me to say my dear brethren—you have given us the example; be sure that it will be followed. One of your statesmen—the illustrious Chancellor of the Exchequer—observed on a recent occasion, with that incomparable eloquence which recalls the grandest days of antiquity, that, in the times in which we live, the progress of civilisation must be accomplished by milder means than in times past. These words, which conciliate many difficulties, have found an echo in France. I sign with you a treaty of alliance which will serve to promote the pacific conquest of progress.

The other toasts included "The Health of Lord Brougham," to which the venerable nobleman replied; "The Judges," responded to by the Lord Chief Justice; "The Houses of Lords and Commons," responded to by Lord Kingsdown for the Upper, and by Mr. Gladstone for the Lower House; "The Committee," "The Chairman," &c.

THE HURRICANE AT CALCUTTA.

DETAILS of the late disastrous hurricane at Calcutta show that the destruction of property was even greater than at first supposed, although, happily, the reported loss of life appears to have been greatly exaggerated. Letters from Calcutta give the following particulars:—

On the morning of Wednesday, Oct. 5, upwards of two hundred vessels were in the river at their moorings; in the evening they were all adrift. Many of them were high and dry in the streets of Calcutta, and some had sunk altogether. A cyclone of unparalleled fury broke over the district and raged for five hours without intermission, and when it had concluded half Calcutta was in ruins, the huts of the natives were carried away like wisps of straw, there was scarcely a tree standing for miles, and now all around there is a scene of desolation so appalling that no words could give you an adequate idea of it. The river raged and tossed like a sea, and its power may be judged of when I state that, of three of the large steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, one, the Bengal, was laid high on shore, and two others were dismasted. Large ships shot up the stream in blocks of five and ten, lodging here and there in the mud. The natives were paralysed by this fearful scene, and could do nothing. Even now, five days after, they cry like children, for there is not a home for miles, and the loss of life among them is terrible. We are cut off from the rest of the world, for our telegraphs are broken, no steamer has been able to move till to-day, and the very roads are choked with falling trees. Already the exhalations from the mass of decaying vegetation are insupportable, and it will be a mercy if a dire fever does not follow close upon the storm. Far as the eye can reach there is unbroken waste and gloom. The magnificent park at Barrackpore is a wilderness. The Botanical Gardens at Calcutta no longer exist. The Government dockyard is a pile of ruins, and, in short, there is not a building which has escaped. To increase the horrors of this storm a "bore" of unusual size and force came rushing in while it was at its height, and drove the helpless vessels together in a heap. The Hindostan, a large Peninsular and Oriental steamer, sunk; as also did the hospital-ship, the *Bentuck*. It would be tedious to pursue the endless catalogue of mischief. Such a day was never seen in Lower Bengal before, and many a year must pass before the traces of it are gone. The destruction of native huts everywhere is enormous. Dr. Carey's garden, which was adorned with some rare and beautiful trees, contains now a few melancholy stumps. The whole place is a desert, and, judging from what we hear from Barrackpore, they have not fared much better on that side. The park is stripped of its finest trees, the barracks are unroofed, and all the bungalows are injured.

The shipping has suffered considerably. Of the 200 ships in the harbour only eight or nine have escaped without suffering any material damage, and of the remaining vessels, as far as can be ascertained at present, twelve have foundered. The *Lady Franklin* is supposed to have foundered with all her crew on board; and the *Govindpore*, off the Bankshall, also went down. There were nine men on board the latter vessel, including the captain, and were it not for the singular gallantry and courage displayed by a seaman named Edward Cleary they might probably have all met with a watery grave. Mr. J. B. Roberts was at the ghat with some of the police, endeavouring to pass on a rope to the ship, which was near the middle of the stream, but could not get a single man among the large number that was there to venture out into the river, though he offered a reward of 100 rupees to any one who would do so. To swim out to the ship in such a gale was next to hopeless. Despite the danger, Cleary, who had just then come up, and without even knowing anything about a reward having been offered, volunteered to swim over to the ship with the cable. He tied the rope round his waist, dashed into the water, and succeeded in reaching the ship and fastening one of the ends to her bow, and returned amid tremendous cheering ashore. The nine men safely came ashore by means of the rope, the captain being the last man who left her. Cleary has had his hundred rupees, and will, no doubt, get many more for his exemplary conduct. The loss of lives has been variously estimated at 500, 300, and 200; the latter number may be taken as near the mark. The number of European seamen missing is about one hundred. The *Lady Franklin*, off Coolie Bazaar, presented a most pitiable and heart-rending sight. The cyclone was at its height at the time, and she was fast going down. The men on board had no chance of escape, even to such of them as were able to swim, as the state of the river was something frightful. They took off their shirts and held them up as signals of danger; but there was not a soul on shore who had the slightest means of affording them any assistance, and the vessel soon after went down, not even her mast being visible above water. Equally distressing scenes were to be witnessed on board other ships; and what rendered the case doubly worse was the helplessness of those on shore to do anything towards relieving them from the danger which threatened destruction every moment. The whole of the souls on board the *Govindpore* were saved, with the exception of a European lad, who is supposed to have fallen overboard.

It was, indeed, a melancholy sight to see the wrecks that lined both sides of the river, commencing from Armenian Ghaut up to the extreme end of Garden-reach. The disaster would not have been half so great but for the bore, which came in just about the time the hurricane was at its height, and to assist it, as it were, in its work of destruction. The heavy bore caused the ships to break from their moorings, and, as they drifted along with the tide—to stem against which was purely a matter of impossibility—they fouled each other in such a manner that they could not extricate themselves, and went ashore in groups.

The damage to property and life in town has been comparatively small, though very considerable. In the native part of the town a good number of buildings have come down, mostly dilapidated and old houses, which is not an unusual occurrence in Calcutta after a few days of continued rain. In the southern part of the town the steeples of the Free Church of Scotland and a church known as the Rev. Mr. Smith's, or the Church of the Converts, were blown down.

Never before has Calcutta so suffered by a hurricane.

SUFFERINGS OF THE CIRCASSIAN EXILES.—A letter from Cyprus, dated Oct. 15, gives a painful account of the condition of the Circassian exiles in that island. The writer says:—"Since last mail we have had a little more stir and excitement in this place (Larnaca) than we are accustomed to. The arrival of three vessels bringing Circassian refugees was the cause of this excitement. These vessels were three small brigs, which had been laden with 2700 human beings. Two thirds of these were reported to be ill and suffering from all kinds of diseases. Death had wrought such havoc on board that only 1400 of the 2700 were landed, and 900 of these were more dead than alive. It was one of the saddest sights that could be imagined to see these wretched creatures landing, after having been crowded to so cruel excess in these small vessels for more than two months, without even standing room; packed, in fact, like sardines, with the main hatch shut on them great part of the way. For three days previous to their arrival they had been without water. On landing, many of them drank with such avidity that they died on the spot in the act of drinking. Their skins were literally covered half-inch deep with vermin. The deaths amongst the sick since landing have been from forty to fifty. Corpses are strewn along the coast, and more bodies are being hourly washed ashore. A vessel which came into port soon after these three brigs reports that many dead bodies were seen floating far out to sea. The inhumanity of such an act as to stow 2700 beings in these vessels is unparalleled. The fault rests chiefly with the captains who go to Circassia and load to the full, bringing their cargo to Constantinople, where John Turk pays him per head for his load. These captains make enormous sums of money by their savage trade, for, when they have got their victims on

board, they rob both the living and those who die under the barbarous treatment they receive. Of those washed ashore here several prove to have been thrown overboard alive, such, probably, as would not submit to be robbed, or would be likely to tell tales. So far as I can ascertain, there is no contagious disease amongst the sufferers, and they die from the effects of sheer inanition, notwithstanding that all is being done for them that is possible."

GAETA.

PASSING from Capua, you reach Gaeta by a road across mountains which are utterly sterile and bordered by villages miserable to look at and very thinly inhabited. The route of which we speak, keeping as it does along the border of the sea, is crossed by the river Garigliano, which is pretty broad at the point of intersection. It is not deep, but flows languidly on between its shores, the right-hand bank being of the two the best adapted for purposes of defence.

The city of Gaeta occupies the extreme end of the promontory running out into a gulf which takes the same name, is surrounded by what may be called a semicircle of three places: the Mole of Gaeta, which lies upon the shore of the sea; Itri, a city of about 4000 inhabitants; and Sperlonga, which is a small port. These three positions constitute the second line of the defences which must be taken before getting to Gaeta itself, which, although strong, is not impregnable, as is abundantly shown by the repeated occasions on which, in modern times, it has been taken by assault. The Austrians captured it in 1702, the Sardinians and the Spanish in 1734, the French in 1806, the Austrians in 1815 and in 1821. In each of these cases the attack by sea has been the principal feature in the siege. As every one knows, Gaeta was the last refuge of Francis II. in the kingdom of Naples; and its capture by General Cialdini and Admiral Persano completed the transfer of the Neapolitan territory from the Bourbons to King Victor Emmanuel.

The city is small, but the port is very large and sheltered, and is of great antiquity. It was Alphonso of Arragon who attached Gaeta to the kingdom of Naples. The inhabitants number, perhaps 1500 or 2000.

THE CAPTURE OF THE CONFEDERATE STEAMER FLORIDA.

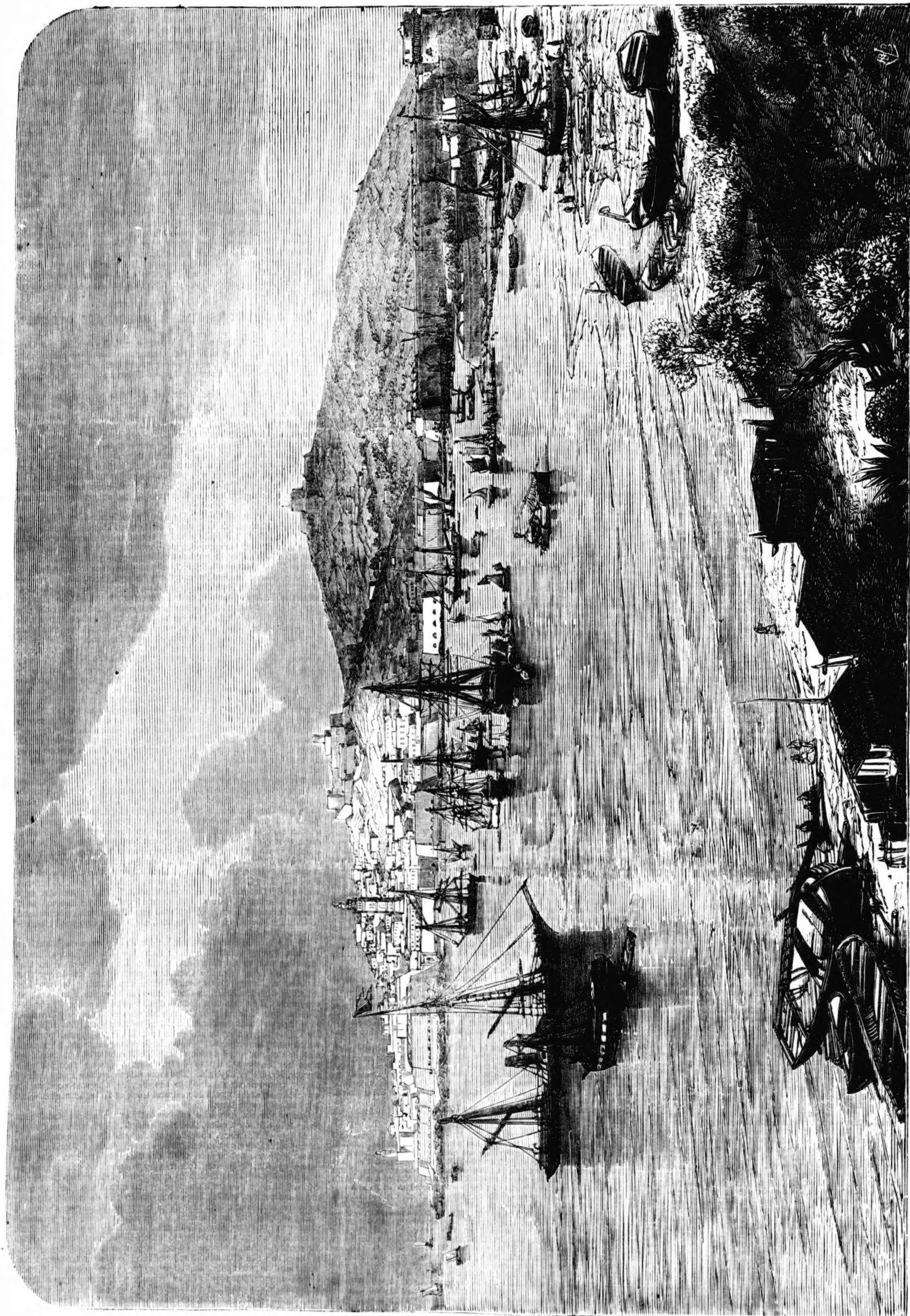
CAPTAIN C. M. MORRIS and Paymaster R. Taylor, of the Confederate navy, late of the Florida steamer, have arrived in England; and from Mr. Taylor the following particulars of the capture of their ship, in Bahia Harbour, by the Federal steamer *Wachusets*, have been received:—

It appears that the Florida arrived at Bahia at nine p.m. on the 4th of October, having put in at that port for a supply of stores and coals and to effect some slight repairs in her machinery. Soon after she had anchored in the outer harbour, a boat went alongside and demanded the name of the vessel. The answer was given, "the Confederate States steamer Florida," and a person in the boat called out, "This boat is from her Britannic Majesty's steamer *Curlew*." The next morning it was found that neither the *Curlew* nor any other British steamer of war was at the port, and the officers of the Florida came to the opinion that the boat must have been sent from the Federal steamer *Wachusets*, which was lying in the harbour.

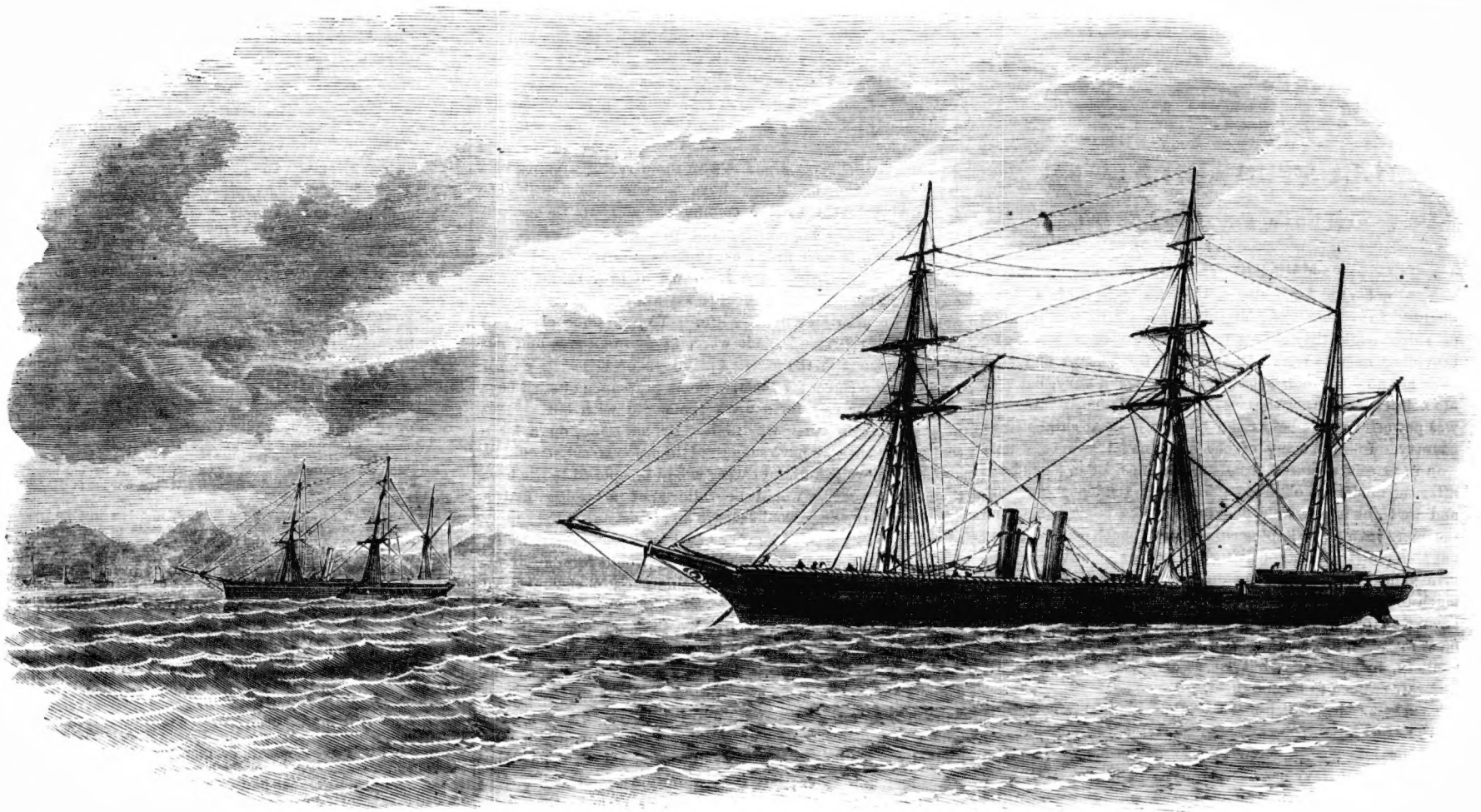
On the morning of the 5th the Florida was visited by a Brazilian naval officer, to whom Captain Morris stated his requirements, and the officer told the Captain that he would carry his message to the Governor of the province, but until an answer was received from that official the Florida must not communicate with the shore. At twelve o'clock at noon a letter from the Governor was received by Captain Morris informing him that he was then ready to receive him. The Captain immediately went on shore and had an interview with the Governor, who informed him that he would be allowed forty-eight hours to get in stores and coals, and that should the repairs require a longer time he would grant an extension for that purpose. The Governor was very urgent in his request that Captain Morris would strictly observe the laws of neutrality during his stay, and informed the Captain that the American Consul, Mr. Wilson, had given him his word of honour that the *Wachusets* would not violate the laws of neutrality within the Brazilian waters. Captain Morris gave the Governor the same assurance on the part of the Florida. An Admiral of the Brazilian navy was present during this interview, and when Captain Morris requested that he should be allowed to move the Florida from the outer to the inner roads, so as to be out of danger, and to facilitate coaling operations as well, the Admiral said, "Oh, yes! move her in and come inside of me, and you will be out of all danger." Immediately after the interview the Florida was removed to the berth designated for her, having two Brazilian vessels of war between her and the *Wachusets*, and close under the guns of a steamer of war and a Brazilian fort. The Brazilian engineer who examined the broken machinery of the Florida reported that it could not be repaired in less than four days, and Captain Morris at once came to the determination to let part of his crew go ashore for liberty for twelve hours. A number of the men accordingly went ashore in the evening. Just after dark, about seven o'clock, a boat went alongside the Florida, and on being hailed the reply was that she was from the *Wachusets*, with the United States Consul on board, who had an official communication from the captain of that ship to the captain of the Florida. The Consul sent up his card with the letter, which was addressed "Captain Morris, sloop Florida." The letter was sent back to the Consul, who was told that it could not be received, as it was not properly addressed, but that any communication addressed to Captain Morris, of the Confederate States navy, would be received. The boat then left.

On the morning of the 6th a Mr. De Vidyky went on board the Florida, having received a letter from the United States Consul, inclosing one to Captain Morris. Mr. De Vidyky read to the Captain his letter from the Consul, requesting him to deliver the inclosed challenge to Captain Morris, and offering to use his influence with the Brazilian Government to have the Florida fitted out quickly if he would accept the challenge to go out and fight the *Wachusets*. The letter to Captain Morris was improperly directed, as before, and that gentleman declined to receive it, but told Mr. De Vidyky to say that he had come to Bahia for a special purpose, which being accomplished he should leave again, that he should neither seek nor avoid a contest with the *Wachusets*, but should he meet her he would try to destroy her. Having received this answer, Mr. De Vidyky left. The same afternoon, the first batch of liberty men having returned to the Florida, the starboard watch was released, and Captain Morris, and some of the officers also, went ashore at the same time.

One of the six men who subsequently swam ashore stated that about 3.15 a.m. on the 7th, Acting-Master T. T. Hunter, jun., being in charge of the deck, the *Wachusets* left her anchorage, and, taking advantage of the darkness, steered for the Florida, from whom she could not be seen until she was close to her. She was hailed by Acting-Master Hunter, who received no answer, and he consequently called all hands to quarters. Before the officers and crew could all get on deck the *Wachusets* struck the Florida on the starboard quarter, cutting her rail down to the deck and carrying away her mizenmast. At the same time the *Wachusets* poured a volley of musketry and a charge of canister from her forecannon pivot-gun upon the Florida's decks. The *Wachusets* then backed off and demanded a surrender, to which Lieutenant Porter declined to accede. The *Wachusets* fired again and again, which was returned by the officers and crew of the Florida. Another demand was made to surrender, and Lieutenant Porter answered, "I will surrender conditionally." The *Wachusets* then ceased firing, and the commander called out for Captain Morris to come on board her. Lieutenant Porter answered that he was on shore, but that he, as commanding officer, would come as soon as he could get a boat ready. A number of armed boats were then sent from the *Wachusets* to take possession of the Florida. As soon as Lieutenant Porter was heard to say that he would surrender, fifteen of the Florida's crew jumped overboard to escape capture, of



GENERAL VIEW OF GAETA.



THE CONFEDERATE WAR-STEAMER FLORIDA IN THE HARBOUR OF BAHIA.

whom only six succeeded in reaching the shore, the other nine, it is alleged, being shot in the water by men on the fore-castle and in the boats of the Wachusetts. Mr. Hunter was wounded, and a number of men killed. The Wachusetts then made fast a hawser to the fore-mast of the Florida, and, after slipping her cable, towed her out to sea. While this was being done, a boat from the Brazilian flag-ship went alongside the Wachusetts and ordered her to return to her anchoring-ground, and a reply was given telling the boat to keep off, as she was about to go back to her anchorage. Captain Morris was sleeping ashore, at an hotel overlooking the water, and when called up by persons at the hotel, who suspected that something wrong was going on by hearing the report of guns, he got down just in time to make out what in the darkness appeared to be the vessels steaming out of the harbour.

On the 12th ult. the Wachusetts, with the Florida in tow, passed within sight of Pernambuco.

Mr. De Vidiy wrote a letter to Captain Morris on the 7th, expressing his regret at having accepted the mission from the American Consul, whom he could not find on his return from the Florida to hand him back the letters, and stating that after what had transpired he believed the challenge had not been made in good faith.

The Florida had only twenty-five tons of coal-dust on board at the time of her capture. The machinery to be repaired—viz., the pipe of her donkey-engine and fresh-water condenser—is still on shore at the Brazilian arsenal at Bahia.

When the Florida arrived at Bahia she had a complement of seventeen officers and 129 men, of whom five officers and seventy-one men (including the six who swam ashore at the time of her capture) were on shore, and consequently preserved their liberty.

The other twelve officers and fifty-eight men were either captured, killed, or wounded.

The American Consul, Mr. Wilson, went away in the Wachusetts, leaving no one in charge of his consulate at Bahia. All business with the States was consequently interrupted. The indignation of the Brazilians at the conduct pursued towards the Florida was very intense, and the populace tore down the American Consulate arms and broke it in pieces in the street. Nearly all the merchants at Bahia had signed a document, and forwarded it to the Chamber of Commerce at New York, requesting them to withhold any judgment on the matter until they have full and correct accounts of the outrage.

Another account, derived from a Bahian source, said to be thoroughly reliable, gives the following account of the affair, which substantially corroborates Mr. Taylor's statement:—

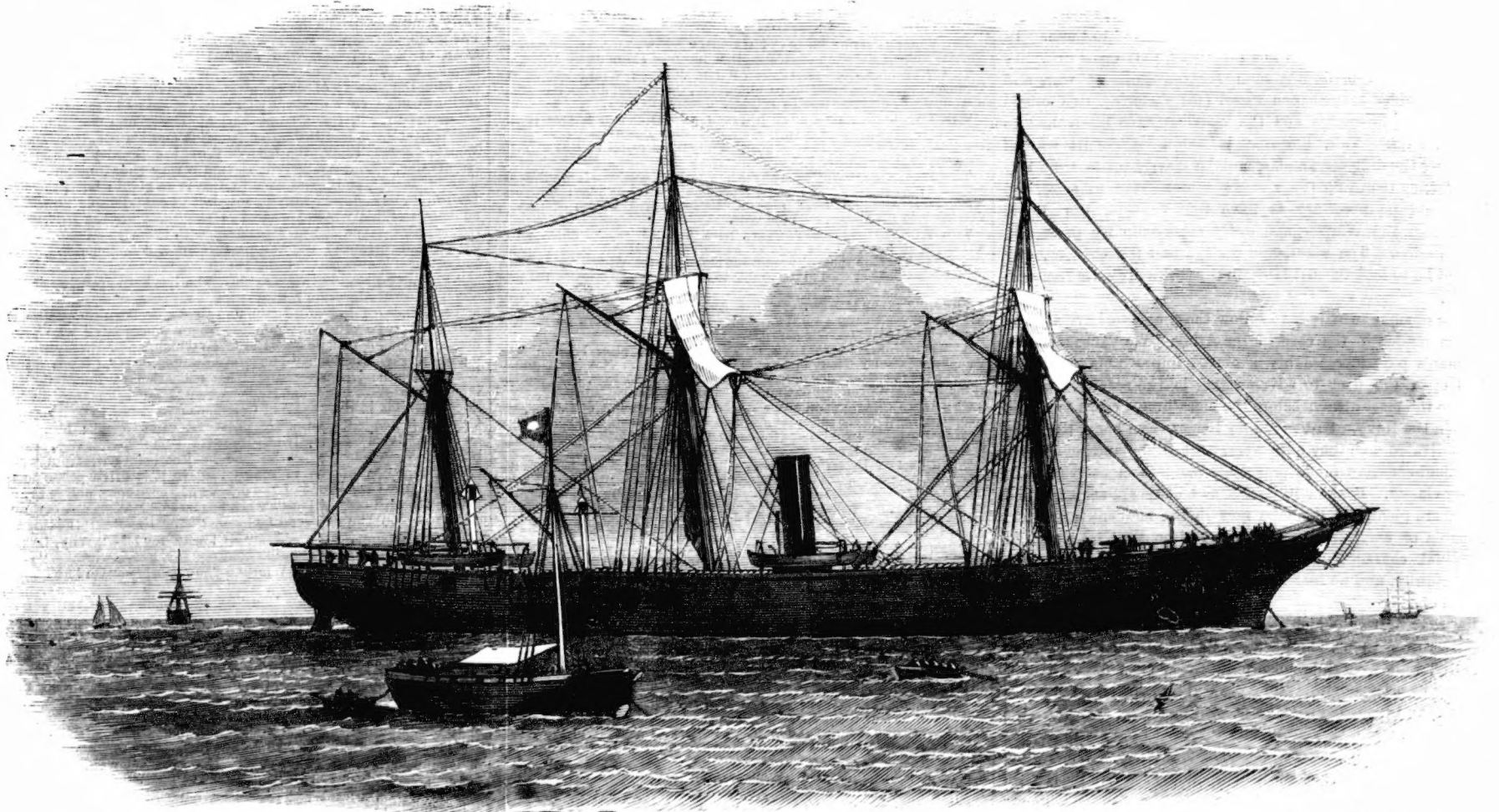
"The Wachusetts was at anchor in the harbour of Bahia. On the 6th of October the Florida put into that port. Her commander waited on the President of the province and asked permission to ship water and fresh provisions, and to make some necessary repairs. Mr. Wilson, the United States Consul, protested against any facilities being granted. The President decided that, as the Florida had only salt provisions on board, and no water except that distilled by the engine, she should be allowed to remain in the port forty-eight hours. On this the officer in command of the Wachusetts challenged the Florida to go out of the port and fight. This Captain Morris declined. Some eighty of the Florida's crew were allowed to go on shore to sleep, and Captain Morris and one of his officers were also out of the ship.

"On the morning of the 7th a movement on board the Federal vessel was observed from the decks of the Florida, and a boat was sent in her direction to reconnoitre. This boat was fired on, and

pulled back to the Florida. The Wachusetts steamed slowly towards the Confederate ship, sending armed boats' crews to board her. The Florida had more than half her complement of men on shore. Those on board made a desperate resistance. Some ten or twelve were killed (among them a United States naval officer, captured by the Florida, who was waiting to be parolled the next day) and a great number wounded. In the mean time, the noise of the firing had aroused the attention of the officer commanding the Brazilian flag-ship Donna Januaria, close to which the Florida had anchored, who sent a boat in charge of a lieutenant to the Wachusetts and ordered that fighting in the neutral port should cease. The Federal captain replied that the order should be respected, and that there should be no more firing. The struggle, however, still continued on board. In the mean time, a hawser had been passed from the bows of the Florida to the Wachusetts, and that vessel, having by this time a full head of steam on, proceeded to tow her 'prize' to sea from under the guns both of the Brazilian flag-ship and the harbour forts, from which she was fired on as she stood out.

"The Donna Januaria is a sailing-ship, and pursuit in her was useless; but steam was at once got up in a small steamer of the Brazilian navy, the only one at hand, and the Brazilian Admiral went on board with his Staff, and followed the Wachusetts and the Florida; but, the latter being by this time under steam also, pursuit was useless, and was given up.

"Mr. Wilson, the United States Consul, had slept on board the Federal ship, and proceeded to sea in her. His exequatur was at once withdrawn by the President of the province. It appears that the immediate cause of this violation of neutrality was the temptation of the reward of 500,000 dols. offered for the capture of the Florida by the New York Chamber of Commerce."



THE FEDERAL WAR-SLOOP WACHUSETTS, IN THE HARBOUR OF BAHIA, GETTING READY HER FORECASTLE PIVOT-GUN.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON OCTOBER 6.)

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1864.

MANNING THE NAVY.

ARE not our Admiralty authorities guilty of a grave blunder in giving their attention mainly to the building of ships, while they almost totally neglect to take steps for providing men to work those ships? Good ships and good guns are no doubt indispensable elements of a navy, but they are neither the sole nor the most important elements. England was powerful at sea before she became a great shipbuilding country. Indeed, many of our early naval triumphs were won in vessels captured from our enemies, or in ships built after the models so obtained. There is a tendency just now, and we think a dangerous one, to place too great reliance on the mere inanimate implements of war—such as ships and guns—and too little on the living and active agency which must give value to those implements; in other words, to trust too much to *things* and too little to *men*. Seamen—not ships—have won our naval supremacy; and seamen—not ships—must maintain it. Let us have first-rate ships and first-rate artillery, by all means; but let us also take care to secure first-rate seamen to handle them.

The same causes which make it difficult to obtain recruits for the Army are also operative as regards the Navy, only aggravated by influences peculiar to that department. To begin with, the Royal Navy has never been, and is not now, very popular among seamen. As compared with the mercantile marine, the pay is lower, the discipline is more rigid, personal liberty is more restricted, the work is heavier, the treatment, to say the least of it, is often somewhat less than kind; above all, the evil odour of the pressgang hangs round it still. Jack is a fine, generous fellow, who bears no malice; but he cannot forget that men were wont to be forced into the service against their will, were flogged if they showed a dislike to it, were not unfrequently shot or run up to the yardarm if they attempted to quit it; and he knows that he is liable to all these inconveniences still. The State still offers inadequate pay, and does not always keep the engagements made in its name; the "cat" is still in common use on board her Majesty's ships, the pressgang may be again revived should occasion arise, and there is no promotion from the fore-castle to the quarter-deck. All these things tend to create in the minds of seamen a prejudice against the Royal Navy and a disinclination to enter it. It is the duty of the Admiralty to root out that prejudice and to overcome that disinclination; and this, we think, they have not sufficiently bestirred themselves to do.

Again, the demand for seamen in the merchant service is unusually active at present. Until lately the bulk of the carrying trade of the world was in the hands of two nations—England and the United States. Since the commencement of the war, and the destruction caused by the Confederate cruisers, this trade has almost entirely fallen to the share of the British shipowner; and the results, of course, are a great increase in the demand for British sailors and a proportionate enhancement in the pay and advantages offered to them. In these circumstances, it is not surprising that great difficulty is experienced in finding men for our ships of war, and that, in order to man one vessel (the Victoria), two others (the Royal Sovereign and the Warrior) have lately had to be paid off. This, however, is but a make-shift way of meeting the difficulty, and would be utterly futile were any emergency requiring the services of our Navy to arise, and it should be necessary to have the Victoria, the Royal Sovereign, the Warrior, and every other ship we possess in commission. The wiser, and in the end the cheaper, way would be to look the evil fairly in the face and devise remedies for it.

One obvious remedy is to follow the course we have already recommended in the case of the Army. We must raise the seaman's pay, increase his comforts, improve his treatment, and open the door to advancement in the service. "Once before the mast always before the mast" must cease to be the rule in the Navy. Sailors are no longer, as a body, the rude, uncultivated men they once were. Education and refinement of manners have made progress among them as well as in other classes. Benbow began life as a merchant seaman; and there are plenty of Benbows now in the mercantile marine, capable of emulating his deeds, but without the roughness of personal character incident to his time. Give them the opportunity, and no fear but they will show the stuff they are made of.

A source from which the ranks of our seamen might be recruited to an almost unlimited extent has been nearly totally, and we think unaccountably, neglected. We have among us a large number of youthful pariahs, juvenile delinquents, and homeless wanderers, who might be sent into the Navy, and, while they did good service to their country, be enabled to earn a comfortable and honourable maintenance for themselves. Our magistrates are constantly making the remark that they know not what to do with the youths who are brought before them for petty offences. Sending them to prison rather confirms than cures their evil tendencies; and reformatories, even when available and successful, can only

carry the process of reformation to a certain point. The youthful culprit must be let loose again at some time, and the chances are that he goes back to his old haunts and his old habits. Instead of punishing or preaching his wickedness out of the young thief, neither of which processes is ever particularly successful, would it not be better to send him to a training-ship, and thence into the Navy, and have it drilled and worked out of him? The same remarks apply to a large proportion of pauper boys who might likewise be rendered valuable to the community and to themselves, instead of being apprenticed out to hard taskmasters who subject them to such usage as Dickens has portrayed in the life of "Oliver Twist," and from whom they seldom learn anything that will enable them to sustain themselves honourably and comfortably in after life. To both these classes of youths the State stands, as it were, *in loco parentis*, and has a right to exercise the parent's privilege of choosing a profession and a career for them. Some thousands of such boys are every year cast forth upon the world with but slender means of making their way in it. By adopting, on a large scale, the course we have suggested three good results would be at once achieved: a useful career would be opened to the boys themselves, society would be relieved of a burden and a danger, and the State would secure an almost unlimited supply of valuable servants. The very qualities—acuteness, activity, daring—which make a dangerous thief would form an excellent sailor. Why should this valuable mass of raw material be wasted?

To carry out the suggestions we have made would, no doubt, involve considerable expense; but this need not necessarily involve larger Estimates. The funds necessary to pay our soldiers and sailors adequately might easily be saved in those huge public "establishments" and expensive "departments" which at present swallow up so large a share of the money annually voted by Parliament. Into this part of the subject we cannot now enter; but it is admitted by all conversant with the facts, that the management—or rather mismanagement—of the Army and Navy absorbs as much money, without adequate return, as, properly expended, would amply suffice to afford our real defenders those emoluments and advantages to which they are entitled, and which, if offered, would not fail to attract sufficient numbers and sufficient capacity to the ranks of both services.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES arrived at Woolwich on Monday afternoon from their long-extended tour in the north of Europe. Their Royal Highnesses will arrive at Knowsley, on a visit to the Earl of Derby, on Wednesday, the 16th inst., and, after spending three days with the Earl and Countess, will go to Sandringham.

THE MEMORIAL STATUE OF PRINCE ALBERT was unveiled in Peel Park, Salford, on Monday, in view of a number of spectators. The statue, by Mr. Noble, is a remarkably fine work of art. It represents the Prince Consort in the robes of the Chancellor of the University. The statue was erected by public subscription.

VISCOUNT AMBERLEY, eldest son of Earl Russell, K.G., and Countess Russell, was married, in the parish church of Alderley, near Knutsford, on Tuesday morning, to the Hon. Katharine Stanley, daughter of Lord and Lady Stanley, of Alderley.

THE SKETCH-MODELS for the various groups of sculpture to be executed for the Prince Consort Memorial, Hyde Park, have been delivered to the committee for inspection by their respective artists.

THE VICTORIA CROSS has been conferred on Captain F. A. Smith, 43rd Regiment, and Sergeant John Murray, 68th Regiment, for gallant conduct in New Zealand.

GENERAL BERG, the too famous Governor of Poland, has had a fall from his horse, and suffered some injuries, which, however, are stated not to be very serious.

THE DIRECT RAILROAD FROM TURIN TO FLORENCE, tunnelled through the Apennines, was opened to the public last week.

THE COALMASTERS OF THE WIGAN DISTRICT have determined to refuse an application of their pitmen for an advance of wages.

A NET, about a yard long and 12 in. wide, was recently found in the stomach of an 18 lb. codfish, at Dunsbury.

THE PERSONALITY OF THOMAS FREDERICK BROWNILL, alias Frederick Thomas Robson, the well-known comedian, has been sworn under £6000.

THE REMOVED RESIGNATION OF MR. JUSTICE WILLIAMS, of the Common Pleas, is now said to be unfounded, the learned Judge intending, after an additional three months' holiday, to return to work.

THE POPULATION OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND is now nearly stationary, the surplus of births, after deducting deaths and emigration, being only at the rate of 88,000 a year. Emigration seems to cost us more than double that number.

THE INDIAN NAMES of some of the new Federal war vessels are thus interpreted: Suwannee, buffalo soup; Shamokin, worn out pipe; Muscota, musk rat; Winnipeg, small pig; Aushuelot, burnt bones; Monocacy, sleeping baby; Mahongo, wounded boy.

THE EXCAVATIONS AT POMPEII have just led to the discovery of a temple of Juno, on the flags of which were scattered more than 200 skeletons. They are those of women and children, who, during the eruption of Vesuvius, had hastened to the temple to seek refuge and implore the protection of the goddess.

THE DONCASTER MAGISTRATES have decided that a steam-engine drawing a threshing-machine on a turnpike-road, and intended to work the same, is exempt from toll, as forming part of the machine itself.

A MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE is about to take place between Miss Campbell Macaulay Greig, niece of the Rev. G. Greig, M.A., and grand-niece of the late Mr. Zachary Macaulay, and Count Bernstorff, elder brother of the Prussian Ambassador at the Court of St. James's.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR has collected a large amount of information respecting the decisions of unpaid magistrates, and intends to bring in a bill to place the magistracy of large towns on a stipendiary footing, preparatory to a more extensive application of the principle.

THE DUKE OF HAMILTON, when out with the Christchurch harriers the other day, charged, with his usual pluck, at an enormous "bullfinch," holding his whip-hand before his face for protection, when the splendid animal on which his Grace was mounted threw back his head, knocking, with awful violence, the handle of his hunting-whip into his eye, which was seriously injured.

WHEN THE KING OF ITALY rode into the city from hunting the other day, the market-women—the *dames de la halle* of Turin—howled after him; he found his very palace walls placarded with rewards of 10,000fr. for the recovery of the lost *Ré Galantuomo*, and everywhere bills, "A palace to let, and a King for sale." Such is popularity!

THE EXPORT DUTY UPON RAGS FROM FRANCE, which was by the Treaty of Commerce with England fixed at 12 francs, will, under the convention lately concluded between France and Switzerland, be reduced by successive diminutions, spread over a period of three years, to 4 francs on 100 kilogrammes, an alteration in the advantage of which Great Britain will participate.

THE INCENDIARY MANIA IN YORKSHIRE, instead of exhibiting any signs of abatement, is becoming more and more destructive. There were three fires on Saturday last, and vast quantities of wheat were destroyed. These frightful scenes of devastation are believed to be the work of an organised band of incendiaries.

ONE OF THE COLOSSAL STATUES in the Place de la Concorde, representing the eight principal provincial cities of France, has been terribly mutilated. A few days since a man climbed up the pedestal of the emblematic statue of Lille and coolly chiselled off the nose, hand, and foot of this piece of statuary. The mutilation was done in the day time, and the passers by were under the impression he had authority to repair the statue. It is said that the man, an imbecile, at enmity with his wife, mutilated the statue because the features resembled hers.

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE PRINCE OF WALES fell on Wednesday last, and was observed in London and Windsor in the usual way.

GREAT FLOODS HAVE BEEN CAUSED IN TUSCANY BY HEAVY RAINS. The waters have broken up the railway lines at several points. Towards Bologna the Arno has burst its embankment and swept away the telegraph and other works. The lower parts of Florence were inundated.

THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH, as patroness of the most important charities of Paris, has, through her private secretary, thanked Mr. Blanchard Jerrold for his Studies of the Poor of the French Capital, under the title of "The Children of Lutetia." Mr. Jerrold is now studying the charities and poor-relief of Belgium and Holland.

LORD WODEHOUSE made his public entry into Dublin as Lord Lieutenant on Tuesday. There was a considerable crowd in the streets, and his Lordship's reception was respectful, but not very enthusiastic.

M. BERRYER visited the Court of Queen's Bench and the Court of Chancery on Tuesday. The distinguished visitor was introduced by Lord Brougham, and received with the usual marks of respect by the Bar.

THE CHURCH OF ST. BENET, Gracechurch-street, at the corner of Fenchurch-street, is about to be removed, and the benefice to be united with the rectory of Allhallows, Lombard-street, under the Bishop of London's Union of Benefices Act. Out of the proceeds of the sale of the church a new church is to be erected in the parish of Stepney, to be dedicated to St. Benet, with an endowment of £300 a year for the Incumbent.

THE HEBDOMADAL COUNCIL OF OXFORD held a meeting on Monday, when a motion to consider the best means of obtaining a permanent endowment for the Greek chair was submitted to them. As this very general proposition was so framed as to exclude any bearing on the Jowett controversy, it was agreed to, and a committee, consisting of members of both parties, was appointed to conduct the inquiry.

M. VIGILANI, the newly-appointed Prefect of Naples, is married to an English lady, the elder daughter of the late Mr. W. H. Boys, of Elford, Kent, and niece of the late Sir Joshua Colles Meredyth, Bart. M^{me}. Vigilani is the lady who was so highly spoken of at the time as having relieved and personally attended the sick and wounded after the battles of Magenta and Solferino.

THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF ROUEN, who has just returned from Rome, describes, in a pastoral to his flock, the state of feeling entertained by the Pope on the subject of the Convention. The Holy Father, it would appear, considers himself as being gradually enfolded in the machinations of his enemies, the circle tightening around him, all their designs manifest to his view, but he himself resolved to yield not a hair's breadth.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

A CABINET meeting is called, and rumour says that a subject will have to be discussed the debate upon which may not be harmonious. The question is, what is to be the cry of the Liberal party at the next general election? You see, this election must, at furthest, come off in the autumn; and it is really time that what is to be the war-cry should be decided on. Gladstone, says Rumour, and one or two more, think that some measure or measures of reform ought to be brought forward next Session which may rally public opinion round the Government—give the party a cry, in short. "There is a belief abroad that there is no difference between Liberals and Conservatives. This belief is dangerous to Whig supremacy, and we ought to do something to show the people that there is a difference." This is how one section argues. The other pooh-poohs the view, and advocates the old cry of Palmerston, which was used with such effect for 1857 and again in 1859. "True," says the first section in reply, "that name was a tower of strength in '57 and '59, but is it so potent now?" There is a large party amongst the Liberals who would gladly, and perhaps will, shout "Gladstone and Reform!" But it would hardly be decent to mention this cry in the Cabinet. It is not supposed that there will be any serious dispute upon this question. It is, though, an important matter. But there is this consolation:—If the Whigs have no cry, neither have the Conservatives. The Whigs, I think, must comfort themselves as Tadpole did—"Ours is not a good Government for a cry, but then it is a good Government to sow dissensions amongst its opponents."

Lord Amberley is married. This is one of the prominent social events of the week. And who is Lord Amberley? I think I hear some reader ask. And no wonder, for the title of Viscount Amberley is quite new. Four years ago there was no such title in the Peerage. It came into existence in this way. In 1861, Lord John Russell was called up to the House of Peers as Earl Russell, of Kingston-Russell, in the county of Dorset; and Viscount Amberley, of Amberley, in the county of Gloucester, &c. Viscount Amberley is, then, Earl Russell's second title, and this, by courtesy, is borne by his eldest son, John, Viscount Amberley, then, is Earl Russell's son and heir. And now I am gossiping on this subject I may as well tell your readers something more about Earl Russell's family. Earl Russell, then Lord John Russell, first married, in 1835, when he was forty-three years old, Adelaide, eldest daughter of Thomas Lister, Esq., and widow of Lord Ribblesdale; and, secondly, Lady Frances Anne Maria Elliott, second daughter of Earl Minto. By the first marriage there were two daughters, but no sons; by the second, three sons and one daughter. Viscount Amberley was born in 1842; he is therefore now twenty-two years old, and his wife is, according to Debrett, exactly the same age. Lady Amberley is the daughter of Lord Stanley of Alderley, the Postmaster-General. The Rev. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, the noted Dean of Westminster, who married this young couple, is Lord Stanley of Alderley's cousin. All these Stanleys spring from one old root, the vitality of which, after a lapse of a thousand years, is still unspent. Four eminent men it has given us in this century, if no more—to wit, the present Earl of Derby and his son, Lord Stanley, and the late Bishop of Norwich and his son, the Dean of Westminster. Truly, the fecundity of the Stanley tree is very remarkable. Lord Amberley in stature is very short, much shorter than his father, and he, as we all know, is no giant; but the young Lord must be endowed with an intellect of considerable power, for an article of his which appeared in the *North British Review*, and was afterwards published separately, with the writer's name on the titlepage, is certainly not the product of a common mind. The subject of it is subscription to articles, &c.

"Pray, who may bethis Mr. Clay, who has been spouting at Hull about classical education? Some snob, I suppose, who, never having had a chance of learning Latin and Greek, declares the grapes are sour." This to your correspondent from a young swell who prides himself upon his college education. To which, answer was promptly made in this fashion: "You are mistaken. Mr. Clay is an old Winchester boy, who completed his education at Balliol College, Oxford, and took honours. He is, moreover, a gentleman of ancient lineage, and is in the House of Commons considered to be a remarkably clear-headed man. He does not often speak; but, when he does, it is generally to unravel some perplexity, or to bring the House back to the real subject before it, from which it may have wandered in mazes lost, as it is often prone to do. In short, Mr. Clay is one of the oracles of the House, and is always listened to with deep attention when he speaks." "Well, he's certainly all wrong on the subject of classical education." "Indeed, I'm surprised to hear you say so." "Me! why me?" "Why, because I think your own case rather confirms Mr. Clay's view." "I say, is not that rather strong? What do you mean?" "Oh! no offence, you may be sure. But now a word or two in a friendly way. You went to college, I think?" "Yes, to Maudlin." "And you are anxious now to get something to do?" "Exactly so; and if you can help me, you will be the best friend I ever had." "Why not get a tutorship?" "Well, you see I never went in for that sort of thing." "You mean that you did not learn Latin, Greek, and mathematics sufficiently well to qualify you to teach. Well, there is diplomacy; your family has influence. Could you not get a secretaryship to some embassy?" "Ah! I don't know foreign languages sufficiently well." "Try a first-class merchant's office, then." "No; I should be of no use there; I know so little of accounts, and all that. Besides, I don't write well enough. But I see what you are driving at, and really, in my case, I must confess that education at college was a mistake, because, you see, I have but little private fortune." "Exactly so; and how many of the young men who go to Oxford and Cambridge have private fortunes? The majority go to qualify themselves to live by their labour, and one of Mr. Clay's allegations is that a mere University education gives them what is not only no qualification, but a hindrance; and your case proves his

point. You have been to a public school, thence to college; you know but imperfectly what your tutors professed to teach, and possess little or nothing of that knowledge which, now when you come to confront the world, you find you absolutely require. And yours, my friend, is the experience of thousands whom our public schools and colleges annually turn out into the world. You are not offended, are you, by my plain speaking?" "Offended! no, by Jove. I wish I had heard all this ten years ago. But what is a fellow to do, that's the question. I can't go to school again." "Yes, you can. With your income you might go to Germany for three or four years. There you could learn all that you want; and at the end of that time come back, and you will find that you have the keys to a hundred doors which are all fastened against you now." "That's worth thinking about," said he. And so we parted.

This speech of Mr. Clay on education has been talked about a good deal, and it will be talked about a good deal more yet. It will be criticised severely and denounced indignantly, no doubt, in certain quarters; but it will find an echo in the breasts of thousands of young men, who, having been educated at public schools, and then turned out to get their living, discovered that they were like the man who was set to cut blocks with a razor. Mr. Clay does not wish to abolish classical learning. Nobody does. Let it take its proper place in our knowledge-shops—as a thing ready for those who want it. But, at the same time, let the avowed shopkeepers be compelled to provide other and more moderate articles for those who want them, so that all may be thoroughly furnished for their position and for the work which they have to do. Is it not a crass absurdity that the public grammar-school of Little Pedlington, which was endowed for the special advantage of the free burgesses, should teach nothing but Latin and Greek? Not one in twenty of said burgesses want the article; but they are compelled to take it—that or nothing. Such absurdity is too evident to be tolerated much longer. Already a Royal Commission is appointed to inquire into the matter, and the old classical idol, which has, as Mr. Clay showed, dominated for 200 years over our language, art, poetry, and culture generally, narrowing our minds and retarding our progress, will certainly before long be dethroned.

With reference to my observations last week on the representation of West Suffolk, a correspondent sets me right on one or two minor points. He writes:—

You tell us that Major Windsor is one of the members for West Suffolk. It should be Major Windsor Parker, of Clopton Hall, Battledien. In the second place, you tell us that Phillip Bennet, jun., was the old member. It should be Captain Phillip Bennet, sen. And now I am talking of the Bennets, I will explain to you the origin of the contest in 1859. Our old Captain (as Bennet, sen., is called about these parts) issued an address to the electors declining to represent this division of the county any longer; whereupon Major Parker went in, backed by a strong committee of aristocrats. The old Captain's friends could not stand this. They formed themselves into a committee, and were determined to have their old member, who for so many years had served them well. And right manfully they fought; but, as you have stated, they lost, though but by a very small majority. Lord Augustus Hervey, second son of the late lamented Marquis of Bristol, has issued an address to the electors, offering himself in the place of his brother, Earl Jermyn, who is now raised to the Peerage. Several persons are talked of as likely to come forward; but I think the Hervey family influence is far too strong for any of them, and it is all but certain that there will be no opposition.

Why should you, or any other man, doubt that spirits unbind the Davenport brothers? Know you not that they—the spirits, I mean—have done much more wonderful things than this? In the *Spiritual Times* of the 5th of November it is recorded, and before U. B. Dent and James Barnes, justices of the peace, sworn to by Ira Erastus Davenport, Luke P. Rand, and William Davenport, that the said Davenport brothers and Luke Rand, being imprisoned in the common gaol in the city of Oswego, N.Y., "on account of propagating their religious principles," a voice spoke and said, "Rand, you are to go out of this place this night; put on your coat and hat and be ready;" and that immediately the door was thrown open and the voice again spoke; and, in short, Rand went out. The way in which the spirit opened the door was, we are informed, thus:—The gaoler, suspecting some trick, put on a new lock that night; but, as the historian tells us, "the spirits proved their might mightier than matter." They took the lock off, and one of the boys saw it off and felt it, and found that it was warm. The testimony of this boy I consider valuable. The question has often been asked, whether these tricky spirits come from above or beneath—whether they are spirits of health or goblins damned? as Hamlet has it. Now, you must see that the evidence of the boy that the lock was warm, bears strongly upon this point. Perhaps Mr. Hollingshead or Lord Bury, at the next sance, will ascertain whether the guitars and tambourines which the spirits throw about are warm. I remember when I was a boy I read about a spirit—in one of the Radcliffe novels, I think—who, as he went down stairs, left the mark of his hand burnt into the rail; and I always deemed that satisfactory evidence that he was a bad spirit. A friend of mine, who has caught the infection of spiritualism, and has it in a mild form, suggests that a bad spirit would be more likely to keep the gentlemen in prison than to let them out. But I do not admit the soundness of this reasoning for a moment. The bad spirit might think these gentlemen valuable allies of his, and let them out that they might do his work.

What a wonderful thing is the difference of opinion! In this huge metropolis, which is "some pumpkins" as a town and city, many people believed the Davenport Brothers had received a special charter from the spirit-world to extricate themselves from tightly-tied ropes. At Newcastle-on-Tyne, a canny northerner asks the local magistracy to commit them as rogues and vagabonds for obtaining money upon false pretences, unlawfully conjuring, fortune-telling, &c. Now the Davenport Brothers do not tell fortunes. They profess no low vulgarity of that sort. No; with them all is calm and spiritual. The cards, the stars, and your good-looking hand form no part of their entertainment. So the magistrates would not grant a summons; though, even if they had, of what use were prison-bars to men protected by the beings of another world.

There has been a town and gown row at Oxford, and it is said that a young Duke and several noblemen are among the undergrads who have been captured. Well, why not? Young Dukes and young noblemen are young men like other young men, and must be punished accordingly. The local magistrates have power over the town rioters. The gown is subject to the authority of the dons. I hardly think they (the dons) will be hard on the young Duke. Dukes are black swans, even at aristocratic Oxford.

Half one side of Curator-street, Chancery-lane, has just been pulled down, and the devastation includes the once-notorious spunging-house so admirably described as "Coavines Castle" in "Bleak House." The old den had other literary associations in plenty, far more interesting than pleasant. Not so many years ago a sojourn in Coavines Castle appeared to be almost an indispensable probation for the literary neophyte entering upon his career unsupported by adventitious aids of birth, fortune, or position. It has even been my lot to visit there many a wit and toiling writer who has since secured for himself a high reputation and liberal prices from eager publishers. I wonder whether Coavins has only moved into more eligible and commodious premises, or whether the cruel old system of the spunging-house has at length perished from among us. Time was when nearly every sheriff's officer kept a den of this kind, as the barred flannels and parlour windows of many a dingy domicile in Curator-street and "the Lane" yet remain to attest. As business fell off the number of houses used for the purpose gradually diminished. I think Coavins was the last in Middlesex.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

"Macbeth," which has been revived with spectacular splendour at DRURY LANE, is a great success. It is not only as well acted as it could be under existing circumstances, but if any stanch and inveterate Shakespearean chose to witness the performance every evening for a week he would always find a difference in the cast. In the palmy days of the British drama, when Mr. John Cooper was a debutant and George Barnwell wore a white waistcoat on Boxing

Night, the dramatis persone of "Macbeth" were too numerous for the number of actors engaged in the theatre, and managers resorted to the system of *doubling*—that is, one actor played two and sometimes three and four parts. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela.* Now the performers are more numerous than the dramatis persone. So, during the week, several actors play one part. This system, it must be confessed, is at times embarrassing. Thus, on reading the current playbill of Drury, we find that Macbeth on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays is personated by Mr. Phelps; but that on Mondays and Thursdays Mr. Creswick is hailed Thane of Cawdor. But this is not all. Macduff on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays is represented by Mr. Creswick; on Mondays and Thursdays it is played by Mr. Henry Marston. On Mondays and Thursdays Lady Macbeth falls to the share of Miss Atkinson; the rest of the week it is acted by Miss Helen Faucit. Here are nuts to crack for dramatic critics. With these choppings and changes of cast one cannot see the revival in one night; a whole week must be devoted to it. A Theatrical Lounger! Why, at this rate, there should be six to do the work; and then a confusion might ensue equal to that of the arithmetician who, greatly daring, tried to solve the celebrated problem of the number of nails in the horse's shoes. But what a compliment to the Bard! If two tragedians are equal to Macbeth, I suppose it would require three for Hamlet, four for Lear, and sixteen for Falstaff.

There is but a very thin thread of plot to "The Girl I Left Behind Me"—the first piece played at the OLYMPIC. Captain Fortescue, before leaving his native shores with his regiment, fell desperately in love with a lady, and swore that unless she corresponded with him regularly he would commit suicide. The lady, shortly after the Captain's departure, married a Mr. Maltravers, and, of course, ceased to write to the Captain. A little girl of twelve years of age, called Amy, who had conceived a childish affection for the Captain, fearful of his carrying out his suicidal project, which she heard from an inner room, continues the correspondence in her cousin's (Mrs. Maltravers) name. Mrs. Maltravers becomes a widow, the Captain returns and speaks of the letters he received during the life of the late Maltravers; the widow denies the fact indignantly; an explanation ensues, and the advice of a lawyer, Mr. Brownson, is asked. Mr. Brownson himself loves the widow, and he extricates everybody from a difficulty by himself marrying the relict of the deceased Maltravers, the Captain espousing Amy, who, of course, has grown to a marriageable age. The farce is rather tame, but affords an opportunity to Mr. Andrews, a new appearance, to exhibit a considerable amount of comic power as the restless lawyer Brownson. Everybody will remember Mr. Pickwick's legal adviser, Mr. Perker, a high-dried, pulverous little man. At the Olympic they will see his living image in the clever comedian who personates the devoted and spasmodic Brownson. Mr. Edgar plays the Captain very agreeably, and the Widow and her Cousin are pleasantly acted by Miss Sheridan and Miss Harland. "My Wife's Bonnet," the farce that terminates the evening's entertainments, is one of the pleasantest pieces of absurdity ever laughed at, and has about it a strong flavour of the Palais Royal. A dispute occurs in a private box—a real private box before the curtain—about a lady wearing her bonnet. The gentleman with the lady insists that she shall do as she pleases; a row ensues with the boxkeeper and the bonnet is dropped into the stalls—the real stalls near the orchestra—upon the head of a gentleman in evening dress, who recognises the bonnet as his wife's. He rushes up to the private box, but his birds have flown. The excited husband addresses the audience, another row ensues, and the boxkeepers forcibly move that the speaker do leave the private box. The curtain then rises. Mrs. Topknot has consented to accompany her cousin, Mr. Jones, to the Olympic Theatre, in order to introduce Jones to a Mrs. Appleby whom he, Jones, loves, but to whom he cannot obtain an introduction. Mrs. Appleby, who has witnessed the scene at the theatre from another private box, rushes to the Topknotian domicile and leaves her bonnet, which is the exact counterpart of Mrs. Topknot's, in the wardrobe, which in the house of the eccentric Topknots stands in the drawing-room. Mrs. Appleby, with the kind feeling always shown by ladies to each other, wishes to help her friend out of a scrape. So, when the jealous Topknot arrives, bonnet in hand, he finds his wife at her tea, and her bonnet in the wardrobe. Jones then sends another bonnet exactly like the other two, so that Topknot discovers a bonnet too many. On this arrives a Mr. Cutwater, another jealous husband, who believes the one bonnet too many to belong to his wife, and who, informed of the scene at the theatre, fears that Mrs. Cutwater has played him false. On this arrives Mrs. Cutwater, her bonnet, an exact counterpart of the other three, on her head. Here is an *embarras des chapeaux*. To whom does the extra bonnet belong? The question is solved by the arrival of Mrs. Appleby with only a handkerchief round her ears. Conjugal confidence is restored, and the curtain falls on general happiness. Mr. Horace Wigan may be congratulated on the accessions he has made to his company. Mr. Taylor, another new appearance, played Topknot with a quaint, quiet drollery that makes his future sure. Mr. Jones was capital as the confused Mr. Cutwater, and the other characters were carefully played, special commendation being due to Miss Farren for a piquant personation of a saucy soubrette. "My Wife's Bonnet" is the work of Mr. John Maddison Morton, and is in every way worthy of its clever and voluminous author.

On Monday "Delicate Ground" was revived at the STRAND for the purpose of introducing Miss Milly Palmer—a young lady who has secured the suffrages of the Liverpool public—to a London audience. Miss Palmer is a blonde beauty, tall, slight, and elegant. She acts with great intelligence and spirit, and will be an acquisition to our stage in characters requiring that subjugated motion necessary to the personation of ladies.

It is said that at Christmas Miss Herbert is to assume the reins of management at the ST. JAMES'S.

"The Colleen Bawn" has been revived at the ADELPHI. Mr. Paul Bedford is about to have a benefit at DRURY LANE. Actors from every London theatre are to take part in a day performance, and already there is a run on private boxes.

A new theatre has been opened at Birkenhead. The Liverpool *Daily Post* says of it:

The new theatre at Birkenhead opened on Monday night, under the leasehold of Mr. Henderson, of the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool; and if an enthusiastic house warming is any omen as to the success of such an enterprise, the new lessee may be congratulated beforehand on a reduplication of his Liverpool success. The Birkenhead Theatre Royal combines, to an extent that we have hardly ever seen equalled, gracefulness of interior outline with perfection in that most important element of affording an excellent view of the stage from every part of the house. The construction of the theatre in this respect is most remarkable, and it is difficult to say whether from pit or boxes the most perfect view is obtained. The ease and comfort with which every person attending the theatre can view the performance is certainly a phenomenon unknown in this neighbourhood. The stage is ample, the wings are commodious, and the whole apparatus and arrangements of the stage are in every way adapted for dramatic efficiency.

New theatres, with new methods of seating the audiences, and, above all, new managements, are things much wanted. I hope in time to see three or four in London. The public have suffered so much under the old—the very old—régime, now in the ascendant, that I fancy a new one must be better, from the sheer impossibility of being worse.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE MAGAZINES AND GOSSIP.

Of *Temple Bar*, and one or two other magazines, a word remains to be said. In "The Doctor's Wife" Miss Braddon shows at her best. Mr. Yates, in "Broken to Harness," comes out with strange power about—what do you think—a corpse! The description of the dead body in the chamber and "its visitors" is really very good. In Mr. Sala's paper about the Russian Street (I need not quote the name) the best thing is, as usual, what Mr. Sala says in walking round his subject, or walking up to it. "Military Occupations, Amusements, and Punishments" is a good article. Th

writer of it, "a regimental officer of nearly twenty-five years' experience, is dead against flogging. He never knew it to do anything but harm; and he is sure it keeps good fellows out of the army. Thanks are due to every man who touches this subject with his little finger; let us all do what we can, never missing a chance of putting in a word; but, above all things, let us work in hope. Flogging in the Army and Navy will as certainly be abolished as it now exists.

In the *St. James's* we have, of course, "Only a Clod" continued, and it promises to be the best of the author's novels. If any reader should wonder how so much matter can possibly be produced by one person, let him believe me when I say that it is almost entirely a question of *physique*; a certain amount of faculty being, of course, presupposed. In this case there is great brain-power; but even a large and fine brain cannot go on at a high rate of production unless it is sustained by large viscera. A leading novelist of the present day said, in answer to a question put to him by a friend of mine as to how *ever* he managed to write so many books, "Oh! it's all a question of physical pluck and bottom! The longer you can sit in your chair and write without backache, headache, and all that, the more you can do." All large producers have good chests and stomachs. The remainder of the matter in the *St. James's* is, for the most part, good. Cuthbert Bede about a "Sparrow Club," and Mr. Scoffern about "Spirits," are readable enough; and the summary of Mr. Stephens's book on "Criminal Law" is well done, with some sensible criticism interspersed.

It may be permitted me, in this corner, to say as one individual, who may doubtless be taken to speak for many, that even now the loss of John Leech seems almost incredible to me. I feel as if I should not know what to do without those wonderful sketches of his; and what will *Punch* do? I cannot conceive *Punch* without him, as I can scarcely conceive the pretty girls and the children without Leech to draw them. By-the-way, in one of the morning papers of Saturday I saw the following passage:—"Precisely at half-past twelve the hearse and mourning coaches moved slowly off, followed by five private broughams, in one of which sat Mr. Philp, R.A., sent by friends as a mark of respect!"

There is one other matter on which I should like to say a word. I read that, "On Monday week, at a meeting of the Hebdomadal Council at Oxford, the Vice-Chancellor proposed that the Chair of Greek should be endowed with a sum of £400 a year. Of course, this was only a form for removing the great scandal of taking service from Professor Jowett without paying the wages due to work. On a division the motion was lost by a majority of one." Dr. Pusey was on the right side, the side of the minority; and who do you think was on the *wrong* side? Professor Mansel, the author of the "Prolegomena Logica" and "The Limits of Religious Thought." I leave the facts to speak for themselves, but hope they will be remembered.

The firm of Cassell, Petter, and Galpin have, I perceive, commenced the publication of Gustave Doré's illustrated "Don Quixote," in cheap weekly numbers. The French edition of this work was recently reviewed in the *ILLUSTRATED TIMES*, when full justice was done to the spirit and excellence of M. Doré's marvellous conceptions. It will be, therefore, sufficient to say that the English edition, produced somewhat smaller in size, and at a price which will allow of the complete work being issued at less than a quarter of the cost of the French one, is exquisitely printed, and is got up hardly a whit inferior to the expensive French original.

THE FUNERAL OF MR. JOHN LEECH.

ON the afternoon of Friday week the remains of the late Mr. John Leech were consigned to their last resting-place in All Souls' Cemetery, Kensal-green. Many carriages and a larger concourse of mourning friends than is common on such occasions attended his body to the cemetery chapel, and, as they passed along on their melancholy errand, there was a marked and unusual manifestation of sympathy on the part of the tenants of the thoroughfares through which they proceeded to the cemetery. It was as if the latter knew that a great artistic genius had ceased to exist, and were deeply interested in the tribute which his friends and admirers were thus paying to his cherished memory. There was no mistaking the sentiment of those who lined the roads or thronged the paths up to the cemetery chapel.

The procession arrived at the gate of the cemetery shortly after half-past one. The carriages passed up the broad roadway towards the north of the cemetery, and drew up in front of the chapel, the bell of which had been mournfully tolling while the procession was slowly moving onwards.

The hearse used on this occasion was the same that conveyed the remains of the late Douglas Jerrold to the grave. It was not the unsightly oblong box upon wheels which is usually employed at funerals in this country; but a light open carriage, of a gracefully curved shape, having on each side an escutcheon with the initials "J. L.," and the coffin and pall being fully visible.

As soon as the coffin was placed upon the trestles and the mourners had taken their places, the friends of the deceased entered the chapel, while the first part of the burial service was solemnly read by the Rev. Charles Stuart, of King's College, London. The remainder of the service was read at the grave itself by the Rev. S. R. Hole, an intimate and cherished friend of the deceased, and the coffin was lowered into the grave with an accompaniment of visible emotion on the part of those surrounding it, which is rarely witnessed at the interment of either a good or a great man, but which was singularly intensified here where the good and great man were one.

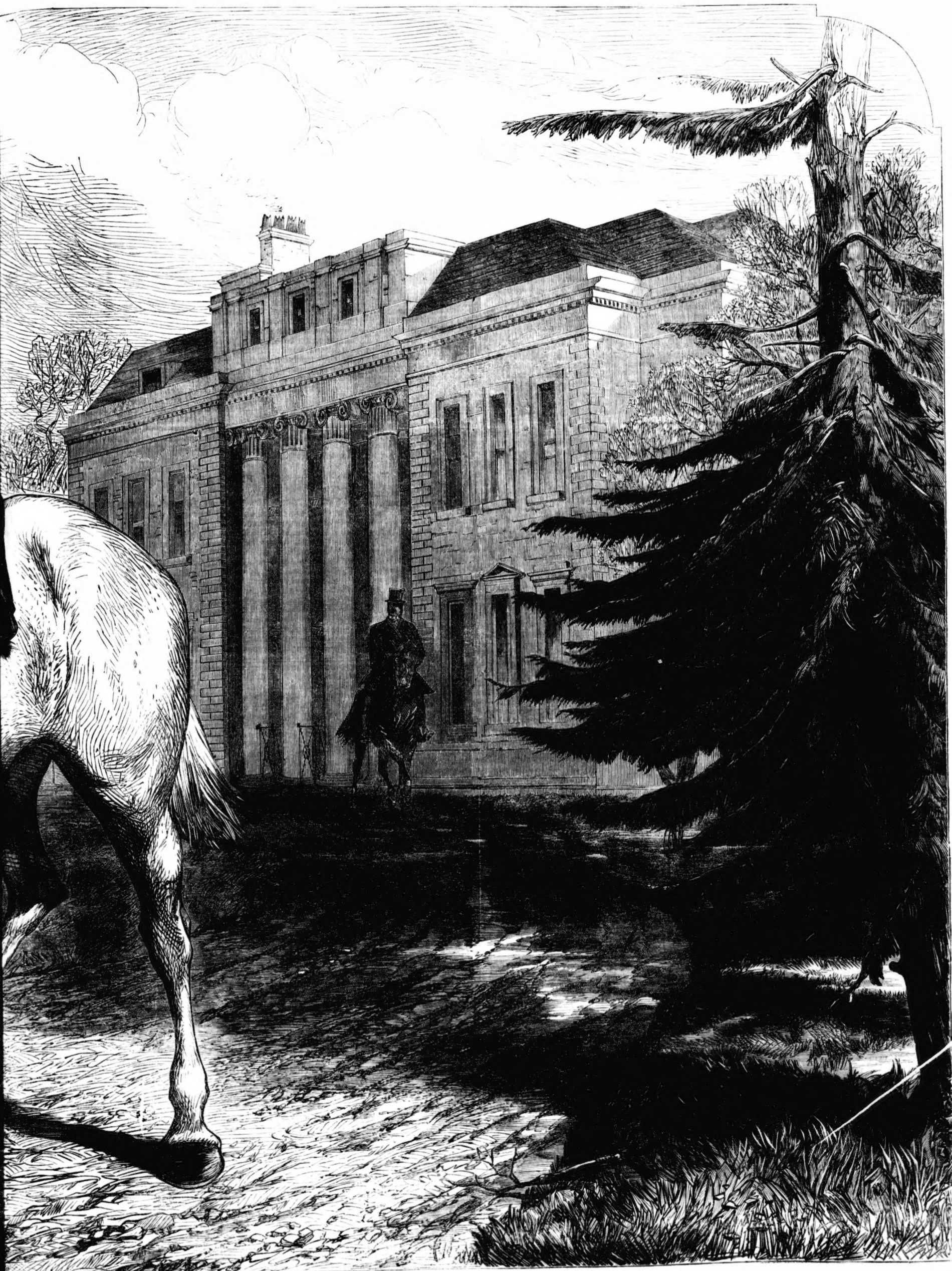
He was buried with one grave only between him and Thackeray, who was his schoolfellow at Charterhouse and his attached friend through life.

On the last celebration of Founder's Day they sat side by side in the great hall, where they were warmly greeted by the many attached friends whom they recognised among the old Carthusians. It is proposed to erect, by subscription, a monument to their joint memories within the walls of the Charterhouse, upon which place the names of Leech and Thackeray have conferred so much honour. The Rev. Dr. Currey, of the Charterhouse, has consented to receive contributions for this object.

MYSTERIOUS.—Captain Shield, of the barque Springbok, tells a mysterious story. While out on the Atlantic he sighted a vessel, he says, which bore down upon him till within hailing distance. He asked several questions, to all of which he received the same answer, in good English, "Captain, I do not know what you say." He also heard frantic calls to him to "heave to," and, as there appeared to be confusion on board, he hove to, when the strange vessel put up all sail and made off. Captain Shield bore up in chase, but the fugitive outstripped him. As she distanced him he saw a woman upon the topgallant mast, wringing her hands and shouting, and evidently in great distress; but she was dragged down and driven aft by him who appeared to be in charge of the ship.

ANOTHER GUNPOWDER EXPLOSION.—On Monday afternoon a fatal gunpowder explosion took place at the powder-works of Messrs. Hall, at Davington, about a mile and a half from Faversham. At half-past three o'clock a corn-bag, which was partly built underground, and had a bank round it 30 ft. in depth, was blown up. The wooden roof and tanks placed over it, partially filled with water, were shattered to pieces, and fell to the ground in a heap of broken timber, machinery, and rubbish over the spot from which they had been raised by the explosion. Two men who were at work in the house at the time were killed on the spot, and their bodies were shortly afterwards discovered under the ruins. They were not much disfigured, which may be accounted for from the quantity of powder in the house at the time being very small. Indeed, the place had only a very short time previously been emptied, and the boat laden with the contents was on its way to the glazing-house, and not more than forty or fifty rods from the spot when the explosion took place. The powder which exploded was simply that which had been left upon the floor, and this the two men were in the act of sweeping up when it became ignited. Although the roof and the tanks have been blown up and shattered, the walls remain intact. A corn-mill of considerable value, however, has been destroyed. Large barks of timber were broken asunder and the trees by which the house was surrounded were stripped of their branches. The explosion was heard and felt for a considerable distance. At Faversham the inhabitants were thrown into great alarm by the shock and the rattling of the doors and windows which followed it. As yet nothing is known of the cause of the explosion.





A SKETCH AT BROADLANDS IN 1864.

A SKETCH AT BROADLANDS.

HERE, reader, you have a picture of our eighty-year-old Premier on his favourite white horse. He is just leaving his house at Broadlands, as you see—off for a ride, it may be, to some of his outlying farms to see how his improvements are going on, or possibly to New Forest, ten miles away. A ride of twenty miles—ten there and ten back—would be far too much of a good thing for most octogenarians, albeit they may have been used to the saddle all their lives; but it is nothing to Lord Palmerston. Last Session he rode from London to Harrow, made a speech there, rode back again, dined at Cambridge House, and then went to the House of Commons and sat there till past midnight. When Mr. Vikoff, the New Yorker, was at Broadlands, Lord Palmerston proposed a turn in New Forest. The New Yorker, having seen no forest near, timidly asked how far it was. "Only ten miles!" replied his Lordship, putting on his "gloves" and preparing to mount his horse. "Ten miles there, ditto back, besides 'the turn,'" thought Mr. Vikoff, "I had better come out with a plain statement while there is time. If your Lordship is serious," said he, "I shall beg the favour of carrying a pillow with me, for I am sure to spend the night in 'the forest.'" "What!" exclaimed his Lordship, "will a gallop like that fatigue you? Then let us walk over the farms." The "old-un" was ready, but the "young-un" jibbed. The horse on which Lord Palmerston rides is a portrait. It is a favourite. It was this horse which carried his Lordship to Harrow and back. He did the distance, ten miles down, in an hour.

This house at Broadlands is the favourite residence of the noble Premier. He was born there, and ever since 1802, when his father died, he has been master there; and it is but natural that he should be for these reasons fond of the place. The house is not large, nor is the park extensive. Neither house nor grounds can be compared with those palaces and domains which belong to some of the great ducal families; but Lord Palmerston would probably say with Lord Bacon, "My house is big enough if I do not become too big for my house." Lord Palmerston has a much larger seat—Brocket Hall, in Hertfordshire—which came to him through Lady Palmerston, and occasionally he takes up his quarters there; but he never stops long. Broadlands is his home; and, really, no one who knows Broadlands can wonder that, apart from the associations, which make it specially attractive to the noble Lord, he should be fond of the place. It is small, as we have said; but the house is handsome and very convenient, and the park and gardens are very beautiful. There are noble trees here. At the bottom of the rising ground in front of the house there runs a swift stream, called the Teste, in which there are plenty of fine trout; beyond the stream the ground rises again, and, being well wooded, the spectator from the windows of the house fancies the domain is much more extensive than it is.

Broadlands is close to the ancient corporate town of Romsey. Romsey is not a lively place, but it has its attractions—notably, its magnificent Norman church, which is large enough to be a cathedral. Lord Palmerston's father lies here; and it was long thought that the son would lie beside the father, but his Lordship has decided otherwise, and has had a family vault built in the cemetery. In Romsey Lord Palmerston is very popular. He is affable—approachable. He invites some of the inhabitants to dine with him occasionally in a social way. He takes an interest in the institutions of the town, and now and then presides at their annual meetings. It was at Romsey that he gave utterance to the dogma, so startling to orthodoxy—that all children are born innocent; which led the eccentric Mr. Drummond to say in the House that, whilst the Pope of Rome had pronounced for the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary, the Pope of Romsey had answered for the immaculate conception of all babies.

We have said that Lord Palmerston has been master at Broadlands for over sixty years. At Broadlands, then, a considerable portion of modern European history has been manufactured; for from 1809 to 1828 his Lordship was Secretary for War; during the greater part of the period from 1830 to 1851, Foreign Secretary; and from 1855 to the present time, with only two short intervals, Prime Minister of England. And when Parliament was not sitting most of the noble Lord's official business was doubtless done here. Of course, his Lordship has a private room, and most people who know nothing of his habits would imagine that the private room of the great Minister is very capacious and splendidly fitted-up and furnished: such a chamber as that in which Sidonia received Tancred, thus described by Disraeli—"Tancred was ushered into an apartment, half saloon half library; the choicely-bound volumes, which were not too numerous, were ranged on shelves inlaid in the walls so that they ornamented without diminishing the apartment. These walls were painted in encaustic, corresponding with the coved ceiling, which was richly adorned in the same fashion. A curtain of violet velvet, covering if necessary the large window, which looked upon a balcony full of flowers and the umbrageous park; an Axminster carpet, manufactured to harmonise, both in colour and design, with the rest of the chamber; a profusion of luxurious seats; a large table, of ivory marquetry, bearing a carved silver bell, which once belonged to the Pope; a Naiad, whose golden urn served for an inkstand; some daggers, that served as paper-cutters, and some French looks, just arrived; a group of beautiful vases, recently released from an Egyptian tomb, and ranged on a malachite tripod; the portrait of a statesman, and the bust of an emperor," &c. This was Sidonia's business apartment, and it would not be unnatural if the fancy of our readers were to paint Lord Palmerston's business apartment in like glowing colours. But then, fancy would be quite mistaken. Lord Palmerston's apartment is as unlike Sidonia's as opposites can be. It is, in fact, a very plain chamber indeed—much plainer than many a merchant's office, or even the clerks' department of many a City bank. It struck us, indeed, as rather a seedy affair; at all events, it was more Spartan than Oriental—a place for mere work, and not for ease or show. It is so long since we were in this chamber that little but one or two prominent features of it can be recalled. There was, though, we remember, a very common-looking high desk, made of deal, surely, but certainly a very coarse affair; and at this, we were told, his Lordship invariably wrote his letters, despatches, and other papers. Further, that he always stood when he wrote—a notable fact, showing how very careful his Lordship is of his health; and, lastly, that often he was working at that common-looking desk far into the night, long after all the family were in bed. Another little peep then into the habits of this notable man worth remembering. You see, reader, he is simple, unostentatious, and industrious. There was also another article in the room which to us was curious and attractive—to wit, a short, plain deal form, on which was a curious old-fashioned hat, entirely out of date, a pile of billycocks, and several piles of gloves of different sorts: one pair of worsted, one of black kid, one of buckskin, and one of tanned leather. All these were ranged in order, and all were used at times. The worsted were for severe weather, the black kid for ordinary occasions, the buckskin for hunting, the tanned leather when his Lordship went with hatchet in hand to mark his trees.

There was nothing else that specially attracted our notice. Not by any means a gorgeous place, then, this workshop of the great Minister. No! but surely very interesting to him who has the faculty of seeing beneath the surface of things. To the eye of sense this was a very commonplace chamber indeed; but to our active phantasy, as we sat there for a few minutes, it seemed a hall of destiny. And we remember saying to a friend at the time, "Depend upon it, that a more potent influence has gone forth from this common-looking chamber than has issued from all the palaces, or Vaticans, or divans in the world besides."

There is not much state kept at Broadlands, we fancy; Cambridge House, Piccadilly, is where that is transacted. Broadlands is where the Minister relaxes from state ceremonial, and performs the part of a country gentleman rather than that of a great Minister. He is very hospitable, though, and loves to have his friends and neighbours about him.

Literature.

Margaret Denzil's History. Annotated by Her Husband. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

We have plenty of novelists and of novels—too many, according to the best judgment we are able to form; and yet there is room for more. We have in great plenty the novel of "sensation," as it is called; we have the detective, or social-disclosure novel; we have the novel of society—in all these kinds a superfluity. We have also the poetic novel of modern life and character, as modern life and character are read by intellects of high differentiating power—intellects which have a keener eye for the differences of men and things than for their resemblances and points of unity. In the last class we place George Eliot, Mrs. Oliphant, and Mrs. Gaskell. In Mr. Trollope the novel of society is at its highest; in Mr. Wilkie Collins, the sensation story. Miss Braddon is a type by herself. So is Mrs. Wood. So is Mr. Gilbert. All we shall say of Mrs. Wood is that perhaps nobody ever so well managed to fulfil the conditions of an exciting story within the limits and on the level of the middle-class world of modern times. The real Miss Braddon we have only had glimpses of in the novels that bear her name. Mr. Gilbert is a study for a psychologist; and we might go on through the list and add to it. George Meredith, however, is another type by himself, who must not be overlooked. So we have plenty of good novelists and good novels.

And yet there is room, as we have just been saying. There is room for a strong, poetic storyteller—a man who will conceive a story in the manner of Jean Paul—or, again, in the manner of De Quincey—and tell it in the forms of the novel of to-day. Not that it is best for him to force his conception into such forms, but that it is supposed to be inevitable that he should. And, indeed, it does seem to be so. Some of us may have supreme faith in truth—may believe that that product of the mind, and that product alone, in which the conception dictates the form, will hold its own and survive; but publishers and the public are strong; they kick; and, as one of the victims of Frederick of Prussia said, it is very difficult to argue with people who wear such thick boots.

In the author of "Margaret Denzil" we have a poetic storyteller of the type we have been hinting at, but with a difference. He resembles both De Quincey and Jean Paul (great as is the gulf between those two) in his manner of conception and in the way in which he evolves his story, runs it out rather than carries it on; but he cheerfully accepts the conditions of the novel as it is, and, also, he has a much keener eye for the resemblances of people than for their differences. In that respect he differs from nearly every storyteller that we can think of. All that we are accustomed to call radical and invariable in human nature he holds, as material, with a strong grasp, and out of this the story is really made; on this all the marvellous subtlety of the author's power of observation is expended. Individual peculiarities of "character" are with him but as foils to this—the despotic unity which binds his work together.

"Margaret Denzil" is a story with a carefully-wrought plot, and contains, in great strength, all possible elements of sensation writing. Margaret herself is one of two contemporaneous wives of the same man. There is something very like murder. There is a duel. There is a well-kept "mystery," entirely original in kind, which we shall certainly not spoil for the reader. And over all there is the glamour of another and still higher mystery—the hazy gloom of the whole conception. It is not easy to convey an idea of the effect of this. But let the reader fancy he dreams the story and sees the incidents in his dream taking place at the end of a darkling forest-path, with just moonlight enough to show things as they happen. If, in addition to this, he will suppose that his dream, with the inconsistency of a dream, shows him the very commonest things in the story with downright homely reality, he will have some idea of how "Margaret Denzil" is conceived and how it is told.

If this be so, we may congratulate ourselves upon the entry of a fresh type of intellect into the work of storytelling. Subtle without being speculative, and concrete without being crude, the author of "Margaret Denzil," having invented a striking and even startling story, produces a thoroughly original book, in which he commands your interest from the beginning to the end, and beats sensationism on its own ground by the manner in which he turns to finely-thrilling issues the material which it does not know how to make use of. It is a novel which no one should omit to read, and one which no one, having read it, will ever forget.

Among the studies of character which strike us as being particularly good are Arthur Lamont, the "prodigal" son, and Captain Wilmot. It is, perhaps, in these two that the author displays at the best his subtlety of handling and his power of graduating emotion. Denzil himself is extremely well done, and so is Dr. Calamy; but for that figure a certain lurid force was chiefly wanted, and it is assuredly there. Margaret, the heroine, the beautiful girl of obscure "antecedents," shall say a word for herself—not as a child in the New Forest, where she is first introduced to us, but as a mother:—

A MOTHER FOR THE FIRST TIME.

The day long-looked-for came at last—a blessed dawn of day in mid-September, when my baby-boy and all the cocks in the neighbourhood set up their throats together. I could laugh at the chorus, even then; and while the birds whooped, and the boy responded with an angry "La-ah!" of prodigious power, chided that naughty baby for being so very cross, all because the chickens had awakened him. I bade Mrs. Forster repeat to him what Dr. Watts says in the poem about

Children, you should never let
Your angry passions rise,

and issued orders in his hearing that he wasn't to be brought to me to be kissed till he had learned to be a good child.

This is an exaltation not easily understood; for all the while I was surprised and disappointed at heart, feeling no particular love for the child. My anticipations of that hour had been full with a certainty of too much joy; and then not to feel any joy at all! "Is hope always sweeter than possession?" I asked myself.

Disregarding my injunctions (or perhaps he had repented), they presently brought me the child to kiss—and "we shall see now," thought I. I took him in my arms and kissed him; and then, indeed, my heart stirred, but not much. Nor did my baby seem so pretty as I imagined it would be; though, perhaps, it was unreasonable to expect all at once the bright, open eyes, the fair, white forehead, the blushing cheeks, the perfect nose of my imagination. No, not unreasonable—ignorant. Nevertheless, I insisted on having him by my side, with his toes to hold while I dropt to sleep; which appeared to me the only thing worth doing in the world.

At nightfall the meadow is green—in the morning it is all shining gold; and surely our feelings grow and change in sleep, like leaves in the night. Long I lay in deep slumber. Waking again with those small feet clasped in my hand, I was conscious at once of a wonderful sweet perturbation of spirit—gentle, coy, scarcely daring to make itself known. At the same time baby woke too, crying plaintively, as if it was so injured, and then—then my heart quaked, and in a moment a new fount of love burst up, carrying all before it. Not till that moment did I know what a mother's love is; but the knowledge was at once full to running over. Much remained to be enjoyed, nothing to be learned.

If there be a greater joy, a more blessed gift, a good more divine than her firstborn is to a woman, I cannot conceive it. My mind rises in unreasonable rebellion at the thought of such a thing: I will not conceive it. I know that in a maiden's eyes mine is not the greatest prize. She laughs in her heart, thinking of him and his love—recalling the rapture of his touch when he took her hand and first said "my dear," when he kissed her lips, and there was no more doubt; but wait, child, till you wake from a sleep like mine, to feel two little pads (as we call them) struggling in your embrace, and a little face moving from side to side in search of mother's bosom. Then you will know better: especially if this happiness come to you in the days of your youth. To be a mother is always to be blest; but to be a young mother is to be lifted to the supreme pinnacle of happiness. Though it is so high, yet how serene and sure it is. If my lover ceases to love me, then am I wretched; but as for my baby, my love for it is my delight; and that nobody can take away. Riches, honour, power, a lover's faithfulness, a husband's love, these are insecure, they may perish in a day; but my babe is mine: the joy I have in it is in my own keeping, subject to Heaven alone—and I know it.

This is by no means the best specimen we could give of that strange, uncalculating, poetic subtlety which appears to distinguish this writer, and no specimen at all of his power in the use of language. Here, again, we strike upon a point of uncommon excellence. The writing, taken merely as writing, is not only "stuff of conscience," every word dropped carefully into its place, but it is vivid writing—the writing of a workman-artist and not of a workman for hire.

We must not omit to mention, as a strong proof of the sincerity of this author's workmanship, the firm subordinating hand which he has evidently kept upon a gift of humour which, we should guess, might have become troublesome to him if he had not held it down out of deference to his end. This sort of self-restraint finds its reward in the result, and the author of "Margaret Denzil" will find his. And those who buy the book and put it on their shelves will be rewarded too. There is not a book at Mudie's this season that will make them feel so "creaky."

Darkest before Dawn. By the Author of "The Cruellest Wrong of All," &c. 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

It is a perplexing task to say even a few lines about "Darkest before Dawn." It would be the "cruellest wrong of all" to describe the plot, for it is a good one, and well sustained to the last page. This is no slight praise to bestow upon three vols. post 8vo, for in nine cases out of ten a tolerably sagacious reader knows as well what is coming as an alderman knows what is in season. The book begins well—with a murder; and ends with a murder or two more, together with reasonable calmness and happiness for those who have been miserable, and a few scattered deaths, which are never regretted by the reader. But, between the beginning and the end, the excitement, although not very great, is well kept up, and the writing, considered as literature apart from plot and excitement, is up to the average mark. However, a word of advice may be given. To adopt Mr. Bernal Osborne's observation on Lord Russell, the writer has the great weakness of all young ladies—she is too fond of her pen. For instance, she would be certain to say of people going to church, "They all of them went;" thus using five words when two only are required. If every sentence in the book were similarly corrected, "Darkest before Dawn" might be grammatically from three volumes into one; and if Sir Archibald Alison wrote in the same fashion, his "History of Europe" would be large enough to fill a barge instead of a bumboat. We recommend a course of literary Banting to all novel-writers. Let them, as Douglas Jerrold bid his correspondents, "take time, that their letters might be shorter." Still, it is but fair to the present writer to acknowledge that her novel is much shorter than the general run of such works. Without telling the story, we may say that the characters are good and greatly diversified. The hero, who is sinned against, is strongly drawn, and the villain is of the deepest dye, but yet made to look *coulleur de rose*. The five or six women are interesting, because not unlike life; and, above all, the Horton family is a series of sketches of which any novel-artist might be proud. Making allowances for certain absurdities in dialogue, which seem to show that novels have been read and not conversation attended to in order to learn the art of writing dialogue, "Darkest before Dawn" may be left to the broad scattering hands of the Mudies, who may take it when its turn comes in the natural rotation of crops.

FINE ARTS.

THE WINTER EXHIBITION AT THE FRENCH GALLERY.

THIS year this capital exhibition opens its doors to the public for the twelfth time, with a collection of upwards of two hundred really high-class pictures. The interest of a visit to the gallery soon after it opens is enhanced by the pleasurable puzzlement we may indulge in as to the probable winners of the two prizes annually given by Mr. Wallis to the best figure-subject and to the best landscape exhibited. This time, however, though there may be some doubt about the award of the second prize—we should be inclined to give it to No. 42—there can be none at all about the winner of the hundred guineas. Mr. Orchardson's "Challenge" (190) is one of those exceptional pictures which leave little or nothing to be desired in subject, design, or handling. A pale, dissipated young Cavalier, in a suit of sulphur satin, is delivering a cartel to a grim Roundhead, whose inclination to accept it is checked by the Reverend Trust-not-the-Arm-of-the-Flesh Droner. The studied sauciness of the curled captain's pose is conceived with considerable humour, which nevertheless does not sacrifice truth, and the struggle in the honest Roundhead's mind is admirably shown in his face. We cannot help hoping that he will for once disregard the teaching of the Reverend Droner, for he seems to have half the inclination—and all the power—to slash that yellow jerkin with crimson in a most picturesque manner. The background of the scene is in excellent keeping, and conscientiously, though unobtrusively, painted. The whole picture bears witness to the influence which the French school is exerting over our young artists—an influence we are not at all disinclined to approve, for if we can have some of the best qualities of French art grafted on the best qualities of our own, we shall have little left to sigh for.

"Resting" (20), by Mr. Watson, is a charming little study, full of sentiment that never approaches sentimentality. It is painted with a loving hand, that delights in rendering the tiniest points of truth, from the lax drooping of the tired hand and arm to the tender moulding of the child-mouth and the innocent stare of the child-eyes. The painters of many pictures in the gallery might study this one to some purpose, to learn how to paint shadow without blackness. Mr. Clarke, in his "Milk Boy" (58), gives us another glimpse of homely truth, painted with care and fidelity, and with that indescribable "something" of humour which lies at the bottom of all pathos. Another picture of the same class is Mr. J. Faed's "Tam O'Shanter" scene (24)—a delicately-painted bit of effect, free from the blackness which is the one fault of the talented artists who have made the name of Faed a household word.

There is no need to repeat our praise of Mr. Goodall's "Nubian Slave" (95), with his luminous green robe, the diploma picture exhibited in this year's Royal Academy. A little study by the same artist, for a large picture of "Felice Ballarin reciting Tasso" (70), is full of valuable hints for young painters.

Mr. Leslie has three pictures on the walls. Of these, we like best "The Lady's Favour" (56)—a mediæval damsel attaching her favour to the helmet of her knight—a very pleasing and poetical little subject, deftly handled. In "The Flower and the Leaf" (33) there is a coldness, a stiffness, and a want of lifelike interest in the figures; but a range of buildings in the background is cleverly put in. "The Third Volume" (48) has similar faults; the flowers in the conservatory, and the light on the wall, are well painted, however. We sincerely hope that all young ladies who visit the gallery will have their eyes opened by this picture to the hideous nature of the present mode of wearing the hair in a great club behind.

"A Spanish Halberdier" (31), by Mr. Weekes, is a spirited little picture, which we should have liked to see better placed, for it is invisible where it hangs at present to all save critics, who have to worship the Fine Arts on their knees and the coconut-matting. There are also two clever pictures by Mr. C. Nicholls—Nos. 125 and 147—the latter, "A Cottage-door in Normandy," being especially good. The work in it is honest and telling, and the composition simple and pleasing. We would particularly draw attention to the reality of the attitude and expression of the crawling child—no studio cherub, but a good, plain, homely French brat, talking broken patois, no doubt, as it peeps archly round the doorway.

Mr. Barnes does not appear to such advantage here as at the other Winter Exhibition. His "Water Nymphs" (123), though they are quite up to the mark in execution and general treatment, have a "London Society" look about them which is inseparable from the subject. We are tempted at times to come to the conclusion that very modern young ladies never look well—that is, of course, on canvas. Mr. Yeames, however, makes us postpone our final decision for awhile. His "Note and Noddy" (41) is truly charming, full of natural grace and painted with happy effect. We are not so satisfied with his "Last Rose of Summer" (182), or his historical subject, "Elizabeth and Leicester" (163), in which there is too much space unoccupied, although the figures are exceedingly well drawn and grouped.

"Kind Inquiries" (66A), by Mr. Hayllar, is pleasing, but his "Italian Peasant Girl" (101), is really excessively clever. The broad treatment of the blue drapery is very good, and the carna-

tions are pure. The attitude is naive but natural, and the figure stands out in bold relief from a dark background, which a captious critic might describe as "an artifice" by-the-way, but which assists the effect considerably.

"Ophelia" (16) and "Olivia" (57), by Mr. Dicksee, are the best things by this artist that we have seen for a long time. A head—"The Wreath" (167)—by Mr. Gale may be grouped with these as deserving of praise, as well as "La Bruna" (191), by Mr. Burgess, who in this, as well as in Nos. 75 and 110, shows that he has become a disciple of Mr. Phillip to some purpose, having learnt some of the master's dexterity and colouring. We may here give a word of commendation to Mr. Long's Spanish subject, No. 103, though it hardly tells the story of the lines quoted against the number in the catalogue. Mr. Barwell's "Reconciliation" (46) shows too much blackness, but is yet very meritorious. There are three ladies among the exhibitors this year, and against them, of course, critical wrath should not be directed. But there is, in truth, no need to affect to be merciful where we can be just. Miss Edwards holds her own well in her four pictures, of which we like best the two heads (55, 70). In the companion pictures (81, 87) the fruitseller is cleverly painted, but the principal figure in No. 87 shows some falling off. Miss Osborne's "Elaine" (23) is nice in colour, but she is not happy in her model. "Barbelie" (76) is a very pretty, bright little painting. Mme. de Fey's "Avenging Angel" (100) shows promise, which a few more years' experience in the technicalities of art will, we hope, ripen into performance.

Mr. Egley's historical picture (9) has a lime-light effect about it, and a dirtiness in the shadows which spoil it as a whole, though there are some good points in it. The "Raising of the Church Rate" (178), by Mr. Morgan, is pretentious; some of the heads are clever, but they lack force and relief. "The Alarm" (60), by Mr. Frost, is cold, and waits life; and Mr. Ward's "Scene in the Temple" (39) is too theatrical for our taste. The subject is susceptible of treatment which would touch the heart; but Mr. Ward has not, apparently, been able to learn that secret.

When will Mr. Halle cease painting one little girl? Mr. Dobson and Mr. Le Jeune have a picture apiece here, but the Royal Academy, of which they are both members, has no reason to be inordinately proud of being thus represented. "Near a Brook in the Forest of Bohemia" (65) is stiff and wants reality, and "Hide and Seek" (83) might be hidden for some time before we should seek it. Two paintings of a child (121, 106), by Mr. Cuthbert, are chiefly noticeable for the original manner in which the hair is rendered—at least, we conjecture that it is hair. No. 130 is rapid and uninteresting; but "Adelaide" (155) would perhaps be the unquestioned claimant of the hundred guineas, if they were awarded (like the prizes in a donkey-race) to the worst picture in the gallery.

Of the foreign artists who exhibit, we may say that they are almost all good. There is a delightful "Writing Lesson" (3) by Frere, with a little eager scholar in the midst of a not very rapid feat of "penmanship." There are some exquisite Duvergiers, No. 71 in particular being as charming in sentiment as it is masterly in execution. No. 208 (the repainting of an ironclad) is also very pleasing. Girardot has two tasteful, graceful figures (92, 118), and Poiteven a spirited "Poacher" (99). Koller's large historical picture is dignified in treatment and very well painted, though it has a darkness and heaviness which we cannot quite approve.

Three pictures by De Jonghe are among the treats of the gallery. "The First Step" (45) is simply perfect—excellent in sentiment, in execution, and in composition. No. 104, too, is another gem.

We must postpone our notice of the landscapes until next week, but, before closing our remarks, should like to inquire whether the catalogue was compiled by the author of "The Modern Timon." One line in it—"150. The Village Girl—Alfred Tennyson"—reminds us of the style of that very remarkably vigorous masculine mind which dubbed the Poet Laureate "Miss Alfred."

CLOSING OF THE NORTH LONDON INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

ON Monday evening the Right Hon. the Chancellor of the Exchequer went through the ceremony of publicly closing this exhibition, which opened with such éclat three weeks ago, and which has now been brought to a termination after its brief career of unexampled and almost unhopied-for success. When this exhibition was opened, on the 14th of last month, it was intended that its curious and most suggestive collection should remain on view during the two weeks only. From nine a.m. till five p.m. the charge for admission was fixed at sixpence, but after the latter hour it was reduced to twopence, to afford every facility to the class to which the display was almost solely due to visit it freely. Such numbers took advantage of this reduction of price that the hall during some evenings was so crowded that the doors had to be closed and further admittance denied. On one evening, between five and nine o'clock, the turnstiles recorded the admission of no less than 22,000 visitors, which, with 6000 who had paid 6d. during the day, made the total up to 28,000 in all—a number that would do credit even to a national exhibition. Altogether, the average attendance during this fortnight amounted to nearly 18,000 per day. With such an evidence of popularity and success before them, the promoters wisely reconsidered their first decision as to closing, and applied to the directors of the Agricultural Hall for its use for another week, and by those gentlemen the new arrangement was at once acceded to. That week expired last Saturday, and on Monday the exhibition was formally closed, after having been visited by 196,926 persons, exclusive of those who attended on Monday night, probably some 8000 or 10,000 more. Such a success was so little thought of that at the outset its most prominent promoters formed a guarantee fund to cover the losses which were looked upon not only as possible, but probable in the extreme. These guarantors—the Earl of Shaftesbury, Sir Morton Peto, Miss Burdett Coutts, and Mr. Cox, M.P.—became liable for an anticipated or probable deficiency to the extent of £300, but now it seems that, in lieu of a deficit, there is every chance of there being a surplus of £1000, if not more. Another most gratifying fact in connection with this working men's exhibition, and which deserves especial mention, is that throughout its career not only has not a single article displayed been stolen or injured, but that not a single police case of any kind has arisen from it either during the time the exhibition was open or when its thousands of visitors left at its close.

After Mr. Gladstone had inspected the exhibition, there was a performance of music, and then the right hon. gentleman delivered an address of a most interesting character. He enlarged upon the dignity of labour, and spoke in terms of the highest approval of exhibitions of the character of that which they were then closing. Votes of thanks to the right hon. gentlemen and to the committee concluded the proceedings.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.—Lord Mayor's Day, on Wednesday, had the advantage of very fine weather, the consequence of which was that a considerable crowd assembled on the line of his Lordship's procession from the City to the Courts of Law at Westminster. There was little or no departure from the old stereotyped features of the show. The dinner in the evening was attended by Lord Palmerston and several of her Majesty's Ministers and other eminent persons. Mr. Berrys was also present, and acknowledged the toast of his health with his usual eloquence and grace. The speeches of the Ministers were of the ordinary common-place character.

LIFE-BOAT SERVICE.—The French chasseur-à-mer, of Nantes, was wrecked off Blakeney, on the Norfolk coast, on Friday night week. At daylight the wreck was seen from Blakeney, and, the weather being bad and the sea very heavy, the life-boat of the National Institution stationed at that place was at once sent out to her. When the life-boat arrived alongside it was found that the vessel was aground, waterlogged, and rolling very heavily, with the sea breaking over her. All hands on her were within a very little of being washed overboard in sight of the life-boat's crew; they were prevented only by an outlash across the rigging. The poor fellows (six in number) were overjoyed at sight of the life-boat, and were only too glad to leave their vessel and get on board the boat. The life-boat's crew took in the highest possible terms of her, and especially of her sailing before the wind, with a heavy sea following.

OUR FEUILLETON.

ON SATURDAY NIGHT.

THE "NAVY."

LOOKING over the palings that skirted the temporary wooden bridge which crossed the "cutting," and along the cutting as far as it had as yet eaten into the hill, the sight presented was not a little curious and interesting. Within a space of a hundred and twenty yards two hundred and thirty stalwart navvies were high busy. Four hundred and sixty arms, brown, hairy, and muscular, were pulling and hauling, and delving and picking, as though the hill they were assaulting were the domain of the avaricious Thomas Tiddler, and every man was determined on having just a little bit more before Tom came raging at them from round the corner. Here, a dozen shining "picks" attacked a great mass of earth, which had been tumbled entire from above; there, six daring giants were furiously undermining an overhanging piece of prodigious size, with a backward step, however, and a sharp, upward glance, after every malicious dig, lest the enemy should unexpectedly be down on them. On the sloping bank on each side a hundred spades were bobbing up and down at a tremendous rate, and as many weighty clobs perpetually flying through the air in their passage to the "mook" trucks, while now and then came the sharp and sudden cry of "look oop!" followed by the dull crash of an earth mass as big as a labourer's cottage, "crowed" down by the "surface men," whose business it is to second the efforts of the underminers. Take all this, together with the fantastic costumes of the spaders and pickers—red smocks, blue smocks, white smocks, and no smocks at all, but bare brown arms and chests hairy as the back of a terrier; caps of the woollen "night" sort—green, pink, and yellow, or elaborately barred and spotted with these colours and some others; hairy caps, made of the hide of the cow, the bear, and the badger; tarpaulin and shiny oilskin caps and caps of cloth, worn peak astern invariably—all these various shapes and colours, ever shifting and dodging to and fro, backed by the blue-black clay of the hill, with the engine tearing, and rattling, and whistling, and screaming, and lugging off trucks full laden, or bowling along jauntily over the smooth rails with a seemingly endless tail of "empties"—went to make the curious picture that I saw looking into the railway cutting just as he sober October Saturday afternoon was fading.

Suddenly was heard the clang-clang of a bell, and its effect on the diggers was magical. Was it Tom Tiddler's bell carried and rang by that gentleman himself to warn them of his vengeful coming? For the moment it seemed so, for the host of pickers, and shovellers, and crowbar-wielders at once abruptly—as though they worked by gas power and some one had turned them off at the main—ceased from their labours. They, however, made no attempt to escape. With a deliberation that contrasted strangely with their almost wrathful energy of a minute before, they proceeded to scrape their cloddy boot soles on their shovel blades, tidily scraping the upper leathers clean with a bit of slate. Then they loosened their leather harness—to wit, the straps that preserved the hitch of their trousers above their mighty calves and the broad brass-buckled belt by which their loins were begirt. Then they shook themselves, and with their woollen caps or the tails of their smocks wiped the moisture from their brows, and from the nape of their necks, and from the great bumps in the rear of their ears, where it seemed specially prone to accumulate. By this time the engine, brought to a standstill in their midst, and seeming to regard these preparations for "knocking off" with its great goggle-eyes full of astonishment, arrived at the conviction that its services were no longer required, and, with a prodigious grunt of contempt for such puny and easily-tired things as navvies, scuttled off, while the diggers, with their rush baskets in their hands and their tin cans clinking against their shouldered picks and shovels, strolled away towards a wooden shanty standing in an adjoining field, and the "cutting," just now busy as a beehive, was silent and deserted.

It was from the shanty in the field that the bellinging had arisen. It was Thomas Tiddler's creation. So far from being offended at the big-limbed navvies for coming to pick up gold and silver off his estate at the rate of four shillings and twopence a day, he encouraged them, and had been at the expense of rearing this wooden building, and cutting a hole in one side of it through which each man might receive his share of the gold and silver decently and without unseemly scrambling. The business of disbursing 230 separate sums of five and twenty shillings, taken at its simplest, would appear to any one uninitiated in Mr. Tiddler's methodical ways a rather formidable undertaking; but taken in connection with the endless complications to which each five and twenty shillings is liable—"quarters," and hours, and even half hours lost, picks broke, and new shovels supplied, with lines for this, that, and the other, the task becomes appalling. Under Mr. Tiddler's system, however, all difficulties are smoothed away, and the business of paying is rendered easier by far even than giving each man two sixpences for a shilling. Every man is provided with a tin ticket, which bears a number corresponding with a similar one put against his name in the time and pay books. On Saturday the navy gives in this ticket inclosed in a little canvas bag, highly branded with the number. In the course of the day, and undisturbed in his little office, the pay clerk makes up the account, and his assistant pops the proper sum into each bag and secures it with its string. Come pay time, the navy army troops past the pay-hole, and as the clerk calls out the number the bag is deposited on a ledge and is taken up by the owner. The tin ticket also serves another purpose. If his work is satisfactory, the navy finds the ticket in the bag along with his money; if, however, his services are no longer required the ticket is retained, and the navy trudges off for good and all.

I knew all this beforehand, and idle curiosity led me to loiter on the little wooden bridge over which the navvies must one and all pass with the view of exercising my sagacity towards discovering the ticketless ones, and observing how the calamity affected them; but they came trooping past, every countenance beaming with serenity and that consciousness of power which the possession of wealth invariably confers, till I began to fear that my sagacity was at fault, scarcely daring to hope otherwise. Presently, however, there came two, both unmistakably doomed to the "sack," which they carried between them with much more fortitude than might have been expected.

"I don't fret, never fear," said one, "I knowed what was coming since that heavenly ganger, bless his precious eyes, jacked me on Thursday."

"Fret! Not much to fret about," replied his companion of the sack. "Why, afflict me with blindness if I hav'n't worked harder in one beatific fortnight in that beatific cutting than I worked in three solid months on the main shore. Come along; I shall be a pot to your pot."

"Where shall we go?"

"Oh! to the old drum, I suppose."

Just then, and as the two sackt ones halted to strike a pipelight against the palings, three other navvies passed, and, bawling after them, the one who had endured the beatific fortnight exclaimed,

"What cheer, Harry? See yer bimby?"

"Ay, ay, lad. We'll be up at the old drum, I reckon."

Where was the old drum? I was tolerably well acquainted with the signs of the taverns of the locality; but of one known as the "Old Drum" I had not hitherto heard. Clearly it was a place where navvies spent their Saturday evenings, and must be worthy of a visit. The British navy is no ordinary individual. He is not a mere dirt-shoveller. He is a skilled workman in his way, and he is paid as good wages as a journeyman watch-maker; he is a model of strength and physical endurance; he works harmoniously with his fellow-men, and is altogether a most cheerful and hearty fellow. How does he employ his leisure? What are his means of recreation and enjoyment? Wherever met he would be recognised; for the bare suggestion that he might disguise himself in a black coat, confine his hairy chest beneath a dandy waist-

coat, or encompass his great throat by an all-round collar and a fashionable tie is too absurd to be entertained for a single instant; yet, whoever saw the navy at a theatre, a music-hall, or working man's institute? Perhaps he is superior to the two former frivolities, and has no taste for the calm delights the latter provides. Doubtless the "Old Drum" was the navvies' club-house, the institution to which he, eschewing all others, resorted, seeking the society of his brother giants, and passing the evening with them in pleasant and intelligent discourse, or disporting himself in such manly amusements as the establishment provided, thereby keeping his muscles in fine working condition. Musing thus, I quitted the bridge and followed my two Drumward-bound friends, my esteem for the British navy increasing each moment, and I resolved as I walked that if persuasion, or even the payment of a moderate fee, could gain me admittance to the "Old Drum," I would that evening make myself better acquainted with the navy and his ways.

Down the lane and into the High-street, past the "Red Cow" and the "Load of Hay," past even the newly-opened beershop, with its doors wide open and the spick-and-span pots ranged on the counter, and winking most invitingly in the gaslight; past all these, and then a halt at a porkshop, which one of my navvies enters and bargains for a couple of pounds or so of cold boiled leg, while his mate makes a purchase of a four-pound loaf at a neighbouring baker's; and then on again the pair of them, the bread-carrier munching the makeweight piece as he goes. On, past that skulking, dirty pithouse, the "Balacava!"

No, not past the "Balacava," but into it. Can this be the "Old Drum"? Surely not. But yet, as I linger doubtfully, navvies in twos and threes push their way into the house with a purposeful air; and presently, as I get a fair view of the interior, I spy the two who have "got the sack" quite at home on a barrel, with the bread and pork between them, and which they are attacking with the calm confidence of men sure of victory. At the extremity of the bar there is a door, and navy after navy enters at it and does not make his appearance again; and as I wait and watch the identical three, with Harry amongst them—whom one of the pork-eaters had asked, "What cheer?" on the bridge—turn in deliberately, and made straight for the inner door just mentioned. It seemed that my speculations as to what sort of institution the "Old Drum" was, were a little wide of the mark; nevertheless, it undoubtedly was the Old Drum that I had come in search of, and to turn back was not to be thought of.

The door at the extremity of the bar opened into a largish room furnished with three great tables and a full complement of forms. The floor was bare, as were the yellow-washed walls, as was the ceiling, save for the coating of gas and tobacco-smoke that begrimed it. There was a fireplace with no fire in it, though the evening was chilly. The room was capable of containing fifty or sixty individuals, but at present there were not more than fifteen assembled. On the tables were fifteen quart pots, and fifteen foul tobacco-pipes sent forth a blast that made the little ventilator in the corner by the ceiling spin round with a whirl like that of a knife-grinder's wheel. As my sauntering costume is of humble sort—consisting, indeed, of an old black wideawake and a coat that was new in the autumn of '61—my entrance provoked nothing beyond fifteen momentary stares, and provided an excuse for fifteen pulls at the beer-pots.

This, however, was not my immediate conviction; for so dead a silence pervaded the company as I took my seat as to give me an uncomfortable impression that I was intruding, and should presently be addressed as I once was under somewhat similar circumstances. "Well, do you see anybody here as you wants?" "No." "Do you see anybody here as looks as though he wanted you?" "I cannot say that I do." "Werry well, then." Nothing so unpleasant happened, however, on the present occasion; and, after the lapse of a minute or so, I was put quite at my ease by two of the party breaking into conversation.

"How they things do hum."

"They do so."

"Ventilator, ain't it?"

"Ah, summat o' that."

Certainly this was not much, but it was very much better than nothing, as showing that my presence was no check on their freedom of speech. For the next two minutes the "ventilator" had it all to itself, when, happily, the entrance of three other navvies, each carrying his own quart, provided material for fresh discourse.

"Hallo, here's Dick! Found your dawg, Dick?"

"Bust him, no!"

"That warn't the one, then, as that chap told you of?"

"No, it warn't. Shove up further."

And the parties addressed having "shoved up further," and allowed the new comers a seat on their form, silence reigned once again, and was only disturbed during the next few minutes by the pulling of tobacco, the sound of sighs that followed breath-exhausting draughts of beer, and the click of the replaced pot on the table. Surely it cannot go on like this, thought I. It's the way with these big men; they are hard to move, but, once started, there is no stopping them. A little more beer will float them, and then we shall have social, scientific, and political discussion in any quantity. But the door swung to and fro, and the company increased to the number of twenty-five, and at least a dozen pots had been replenished, and still the ventilator had the best of it—ten to one, at least. Lord Palmerston's name had not been once mentioned, "universal suffrage" was not even hinted at, the American war news was equally neglected; and even when Franz Müller was brought to table by the speculative observation of "I wonder if it really was that chap as did it?" no other reply was elicited beyond one of "If as how he did, I hope they'll scrag him;" and then the subject dropped.

More beer. There was no bell in the room, but the company contrived very well to make the landlord alive to their wants by banging the empty pots on the tables and continuing to bang them till he made his appearance. By the time every man had drank at least three pots the general speech became freer—freer, but not free, inasmuch as it was restricted to a topic with which they were all well acquainted—viz., beer, about betting pots of beer, and winning them, and losing them, and drinking them; about drinking seven pots within the hour, with the story of a sawyer who had won just such a wager in such bare time that he staggered down dead with the last pot in his hand, and the dregs trickling from it. It was, as far as I could make out, about these dregs that the dispute arose; the widow claiming the stakes, and the other party taking his stand on the unswallowed dribble to resist the claim. About good beer and bad beer, one gentleman, in a bison skin cap, stoutly maintaining that there was no such thing as "bad" beer; one sort might be better than another, but bad beer there was none—an argument that was rapturously received, and led to universal swigging and further furious banging on the tables with exhausted measures. More beer and increased freedom of speech. Some talk about the goodness of the cabbage and its frightfully high price; an argument as to the number of miles it was from Yarmouth to Norwich; an animated discussion concerning the comparative merits of "toe-plates" and "clinkers;" about boots generally and the use of dubbing; about a kicking case in which a certain navy had mortally injured a policeman, and was then lying in gaol awaiting his trial; considering a prisoner's deprivation of beer; on the delights of a drayman's life. More beer. Some high words and a trifling pass of fists between Dick and the person who had misinformed him about his "dawg." Conversation about dogs—about rats—about drains and drain-pipes—about cutty-pipes and "colouring" clays—about soaking one's clay. Tremendous laughter, and more beer.

Clearly, there was no use in staying any longer. It was nearly eleven o'clock, and everybody was perfectly jolly and contented. What they had come to the "Old Drum" to seek they had found, and were now at the heart of it. On the whole, the navy has disappointed me. Judging him from his manner of spending his Saturday night, I would rather be a little lame tailor, with some brain in my skull, than such a big blockhead.

J. G.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR.

THE 9th, like the 5th, of November is scarcely likely to be forgotten; and, indeed, the latter day has claims to remembrance superior to those of the former, since, while one is the anniversary of those representative forms which were once of the greatest national importance for the conservice of liberty and local self-government, the other only perpetuates the memory of an abortive conspiracy which is held in detestation by Englishmen of every shade of opinion.

Perhaps, while the British love of independence continues, the choice of mayors, magistrates, and local authorities will always be jealously regarded as a privilege the lapse of which would be ill for the liberties of the people; and it may be from this point of view that the succession of the Lord Mayor of London is looked upon as a great public event by a large number of people who, while they are conscious that the annual "show" by which the inauguration of the chief magistrate is accompanied, has in it many elements of the ludicrous, yet cling to the exhibition, inasmuch as it is supposed to represent a principle not lightly to be abandoned to mere theory.

Whatever may be the opinion entertained, however, there can be no doubt that the person filling such a station is placed in a position of large responsibility, and that the powers and privileges which he may exercise can never, with safety to the public welfare, be confided to a man whose personal character and experience do not qualify him for the task. Of these qualities the citizens have reason to believe that the gentleman whom they have chosen for Lord Mayor has given ample proof during a long series of services as Common Councilman, Alderman, and magistrate.

Warren Stormes Hale, Esq., Alderman, citizen, and tallow-chandler, the new Lord Mayor, is a native of Hertfordshire, in which county the Hale family were settled prior to the reign of Henry VIII.; one member of it (Richard Hale) who came to London in the reign of Queen Elizabeth to follow commercial pursuits, realised an ample fortune, and, retiring to his native county, founded a gram-

mar-school which still exists in the town of Hertford. He became a large landed proprietor and the head of a family which in subsequent periods was highly distinguished, several members of it having at different times been chosen as high sheriffs and members of Parliament for the county. Mr. Alderman Hale (who was born in 1791) was the youngest of a family of seven children, and, when only a few months old, had the misfortune to lose his father. At the early age of twelve years he was sent up to London, where he was trained for business under his elder brother, Mr. Ford Hale, late of Cannon-street, who died a few years back, and who was a highly respected member of the Corporation of London for upwards of thirty years as one of the Common Council for the ward of Walbrook. In 1812 Mr. Warren Stormes Hale commenced business on his own account, and, by persevering and energetic devotion for a long series of years, has attained a commercial position of high rank in the City and secured an ample fortune as the reward of his enterprise and industry. About the year 1833 certain discoveries and inventions, the result of scientific investigations by Chevreul and Gay Lussac, celebrated French chemists, in relation to animal and vegetable fatty acids, were brought into notice in this country by a French merchant; and Mr. Hale, discerning the importance of these discoveries, became the first English manufacturer to act upon them. The changes thus introduced into the manufacture of candles involved the employment of substances not generally used for such purposes, and their combination by new processes, and the science of chemistry and the appliances of machinery, entering essentially into those processes, have claimed much attention from Mr. Hale, and may be said to have been the main instruments of the success which he has met with. Mr. Hale, after serving a number of parochial and other offices, was chosen in the year 1825 as a representative of the ward of Coleman-street in the Common Council, and for upwards of thirty years afterwards he continued so fully to enjoy the confidence of his fellow-citizens that whatever contests took place at the suc-



ALDERMAN W. S. HALE, THE NEW LORD MAYOR.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY.)



VIEW OF BROADLANDS, THE SEAT OF VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

cessive annual elections he was uniformly re-elected without the least solicitation on his part, and in the same spontaneous and gratifying manner have all the subsequent honours which he has received been bestowed upon him. For the last seven years during which Mr. Hale was one of the Common Council he held the honourable office of deputy to the Alderman of Coleman-street ward, his friend, the late Mr. Alderman Hunter, upon whose decease, in 1856, he was chosen by the unanimous voice of the electors to the office of Alderman of the ward with which he had been so long and intimately connected. During the entire period of Mr. Hale's connection with the Corporation his career has been one of activity and usefulness. He has been called to serve on all the most important committees of that body—of many of which he has been selected to be chairman, and has enjoyed the happiness of being the means of effecting a large amount of good for his fellow-citizens of an enduring character. Mr. Heath, the late governor of the Bank of England, in proposing Mr. Hale for election as Alderman, described him as being "especially distinguished in the cause of education and benevolence," and any notice of his services, however slight it may be, demands that he should be particularly recognised as the originator and successful promoter in the Corporation of two important educational establishments, which, while they redound so much to the honour of the City, are the means of conferring immense advantages upon the public. Those institutions are the City of London School for the sons of respectable citizens and inhabitants of London, which is now one of the largest and most celebrated schools in the metropolis; and the school at Brixton for the education and maintenance of 150 orphan children of freemen of the City. Mr. Hale has always taken a deep interest in both these establishments; and from the foundation of the City of London School, in 1834, to the present time has been the chairman of the committee for its management. From his known interest in such affairs he has, since he became an Alderman, been selected to be one of the committee of almoners, having the chief management of the Royal foundation of Christ's Hospital. He has also been chosen by the Corporation as one of the six members representing them at the Thames Conservancy Board, and he is, in addition, in the commission of the peace for the county of Middlesex, and also for the city of Westminster. He is likewise a director of the Metropolitan Railway Company, of the London and Lancashire Fire and Life Insurance Company, and of the New Zealand Banking Corporation.

In the year 1858-9 Mr. Alderman Hale filled the office of Sheriff of London and Middlesex. His colleague was Mr. Alderman Conder, who, on account of age and



GENERAL PRIM, COUNT DE REUS

infirmity, has since retired from public life. As a magistrate of the City, Alderman Hale's services are noticeable both for the frequency of his attendance on the bench and for the painstaking discrimination which characterises his administration of justice.

GENERAL PRIM.

THIS honourable and distinguished soldier has well been called "The Spanish Bayard," because, like the great original of the same name, that gallant knight *sans peur et sans reproche*, he has worked his way from the ranks, by active service, up to one of the highest and most enviable position in his profession. The particulars of his life are as popular in Spain as his name.

Don Juan Prim first saw the light in the city of Reus, in 1814. His father was Don Pedro Prim, Lieutenant-Colonel of Infantry, and his mother, Donna Teresa Prats. To the noble example of the former, as well as to his own enthusiasm for the career of arms, is owing the fact of the subject of this memoir entering the army, in the battalion of "francos," of Isabel II.

There could not have been, most certainly, any period more favourable for a martial life. Ferdinand VII. was just dead, and, as we all know, the adherents of the Infant Don Carlos, believing that the Crown of Spain belonged to him, raised, in 1833, the standard of revolt in the Biscayan provinces, resolutely proclaiming their favourite at Longrono, Vittoria, and Bilbao. The consequences could not be doubtful. Civil war having spread with the rapidity that was to be expected, and the enemies of the girlish Queen, Isabel II., having increased at such a rate that they soon numbered whole battalions of tried soldiers, a terrible struggle commenced—a struggle the more lasting because it took place in the most inaccessible part of the mountains and defiles of Spain. The war became general, and afforded the future Count a fine field on which to display his indomitable courage, his unbounded enthusiasm, and his presence of mind in the midst of the most moving and terrible conflicts. In 1834, a short time after shouldering a musket as a *distinguido*,* he was promoted to the rank of a cadet, and, from the first day of donning the uniform, burned to occupy the post of the greatest danger and shed his blood in the defence of his Queen and of the liberties of his country. The actions against the rebel chief Tracheh and De San Quirce caused him to be honourably mentioned; but he deserved even greater praise for his conduct in the affairs of the Coll del Guast, where he was

* This term is applied to any one of noble birth who, in consequence of poverty, cannot serve as a cadet, and therefore enters the ranks, but enjoys certain privileges not enjoyed by ordinary privates.



SCENE FROM "THE KING'S BUTTERFLY," THE NEW PIECE AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

wounded for the first time, and at the surprise of Villamayor, in 1836, where also he was wounded, because, brave as a lion, he rushed at the head of his company into the place. So brave, too, was his behaviour in the actions of San Felice de Saserra and San Miguel de Taradell, in July, 1837, that he was considered deserving of the Cross of San Fernando, first class. Having distinguished himself, moreover, at the siege of Puigcerda, he obtained the rank of Captain and the cross of Isabel the Catholic upon the field of battle itself. At the taking of Ripoll, as well as at the siege of Sorsona, he was again wounded, receiving at the last a ball in his left arm. Despite of this, he continued fighting, and was the first to make himself master of a bridge obstinately defended by the Carlists. He now obtained the rank of Commander, and in July of the same year (1838) exchanged from the Volunteers of Catalonia into the Infantry Regiment of Zamorra. The assault, in 1839, of a strong redoubt in the town of Ager, as well as his behaviour at the actions of Biosca and Peracamps, where he was again wounded, gained for him the grade of Colonel, together with another cross of San Fernando, besides putting the finishing stroke to his fame, which now extended throughout the Spanish peninsula.

At the termination of the civil war there was no dearth of important events, in which Prim performed as good service as that he had previously rendered, not merely as a soldier but as a politician as well. He took a prominent part in the occurrences of which Catalonia was the scene from 1841 to 1843. In the first of the above years he was, by-the-way, elected a member of the Cortes. This was the period of the coalition and of the revolt against the Government of the Duke de la Victoria. Prim's credit and well-merited prestige soon procured him numerous and resolute partisans, by whose aid he spread terror and despair among the defenders of the Regent. "On the 11th of June, 1843," says one of his biographers, "placed at the head of the *provinciales*, or insurgents, of Reus, his beloved birthplace, the inhabitants of that town at once proclaimed him their protector and leader, and he never for one moment proved unworthy of the confidence with which he had at first inspired them. With a very inferior force, for the most part undisciplined, he resisted heroically the numerous and experienced troops commanded by Zurbano, inflicting immense losses on him until he capitulated. He then proceeded to Barcelona, where, united with the insurgents and set at the head of a numerous body of followers, he arrested the march and foiled all the attempts of Zurbano against the above city. He then proceeded to Madrid, in company with nearly the whole of the Spanish army, commanded by Generala Narvaez, Serrano, Azpiroz, and others, who immediately formed the Provisional Government of the monarchy. The members of this Government fully appreciated the immense services rendered by Prim, who, during the campaign, had, on June 30, been advanced to the rank of Colonel and Brigadier. Considering, however, his promotion but a poor return for what he had done, they created him, on the 11th of July, 1843, Count of Reus and Viscount del Bruch. On ratifying the creation, on the 1st of February following, her Majesty commanded that in his case the second title should not be annulled, in accordance with the practice usual under the circumstances."

The subsequent events in Catalonia provided for him the post of Major-General and the grand cross of San Fernando, because, by his daring courage, he confounded his opponents, "who felt it impossible to withstand so bold a leader, resembling those dashing chiefs depicted in such lively colours by the writers of the Middle Ages, and for whom there was no undertaking or obstacle so formidable that their intrepidity could not overcome, or their lucky star fail to crown with success."

At the conclusion of the campaign General Prim took his seat in the Cortes, where he put himself in opposition to the Government then directing the destinies of the Spanish nation. He refused the military command of Ceuta, considering that he at length had a favourable opportunity of leaving for a while the land of his birth in order to travel through foreign countries. He returned from his travels in 1847, having enriched himself with all kinds of information likely to be useful to a military officer of high standing, besides having met with the most flattering reception and having been greeted with marks of the most friendly sympathy at the principal Courts of Europe. In the same year he was appointed Captain-General of Porto-Rico, where he endeavoured to establish a system of administration favourable to the hard-worked negro race, and where he rendered the most invaluable service to the Danish Government—a service which gained for him the decoration of the grand cross of the Dannebrog and the eternal gratitude of the King of Denmark. The slaves of the Island of Santa Cruz had risen in rebellion, and would have forced themselves from the Danish dominion, but for the instant arrival of a division of Spanish troops, who were sent off by the Count de Reus, and who, dispersing the negroes, restored order.

During the famous war in the East he proceeded to Turkey, in 1853, and even took an active part against the Russians, thus rendering his name popular throughout Europe. According to the testimony of foreign papers, it was to his formidable arm that the Turks owed not a few advantages gained over the Russians on the banks of the Danube. Again elected a member of the Cortes, after the Revolution of 1854, he returned to Spain, and, as one of his foreign biographers says, "at once voted for the maintenance of the throne with the Progressista party, who had grouped themselves around Espartero and Olozaga."

But another event of the utmost importance for the Spanish nation lent an additional lustre, if possible, to the glorious deeds of the Count de Reus. This was the war in Africa, in the memorable battles of which he took part, combating hand to hand with the Moors, and himself planting his country's flag inside the very redoubts of the enemy, from which the latter poured a deadly fire.

Up to this period the Count de Reus had appeared as a soldier of spotless reputation and a skilful politician. Now, however, his name is beginning to be heard throughout Europe as that of an intelligent diplomatist, thanks to his management of the Spanish expedition which he led to the shores of Mexico. It was as a diplomatist, charged with a most difficult task, that his friends anxiously desired to see him, in order that they might applaud his delicate tact and his unsullied integrity, and see him do honour to the country which gave him birth—of that country which, thanks to great men like the Count de Reus, is recovering that consideration which the nations of Europe owe to each other.

"THE KING'S BUTTERFLY," AT THE LYCEUM.

THE new drama of "The King's Butterfly," regarded from a realistic point of view, is simply impossible. It is not the less a very agreeable dramatic entertainment. During the reign of Alexandre Dumas at the Historique, at Paris, the "D'Artagnan" type of character enjoyed a wonderful popularity. Given, a young man of decent family, or without any family at all; endow him with personal strength, courage, and skill with the smallsword; send him to Paris; embroil him in politics; let him fall in love with a Duchess or Princess of the blood; fight for and against the King alternately, and kill the English in squadrons, and the Parisian populace, from congeries to gamins, were delighted. Fanfan la Tulipe, the hero of the new drama, is D'Artagnan without the wonderful trio of musketeers, and his adventures are of precisely the same description as those that happen to the wonderful Gascon.

Our Artist has chosen for the subject of Illustration the capital set-scene in the first act. We see the Norman village, the round tower, the bridge, and the autumnal tinge upon the thick foliage. Fanfan the Dragoon, mounted on his famous mare Minerva, is threatening the recruiting agent, Ramponneau, the villagers looking on with a sort of calm surprise—the girls casting eyes of admiration on the splendid costume and gallant bearing of the dandy soldier.

HOME IS HOME.—In the pocket of a miner who died lately at William Creek there was found the following account of himself, probably written against the emergency which might some day happen to him of losing the track when prospecting, and perishing of starvation:—"John Fraser is my name. West Hawkebury, Canada West, is my dwelling-place when at home; and when abroad in a foreign country, as I am now, my heart is always there."

THE OPERAS.

THE English season at Her Majesty's Theatre began well last Tuesday with a representation of "Faust." The house was crowded, there were three successful debuts (the success of at least two of the debutants being thoroughly genuine), and there was promise of a third in the singing of a lady who was to make her first appearance as a dramatic vocalist the next evening, and who, in the meanwhile, was heard for the first time in one of the verses of "God Save the Queen." Finally, and by way of climax, the new Margaret sang her music to perfection—which, as the new Margaret was Miss Louisa Pyne, was not surprising.

Of the singers new both to the theatre and to the English public, M^{me}. Kenneth appeared only at the end of the opera, in order to take part in the usual musical manifestation of patriotism and loyalty without which no opening night would be considered complete. The evening afterwards she was to sustain the part of Violetta in the English version of "La Traviata." Miss Cottrell had ample opportunity for making her talents known in the character of Siebel, and her mode of singing the favourite air pleased a portion of the audience so much that she was forced to repeat it. Strangely enough, although Miss Pyne sang the music of Margaret, and Mr. Sims Reeves that of Faust, the only encores of the evening were gained by Siebel's air as delivered by Miss Cottrell, and by the old man's chorus, of which the grotesqueness, and, above all, the novelty, of singing it in a squeaking voice, never fail to command applause. Mr. Marchesi took the part of Mephistophiles, and executed the music with great fluency and with general ability. He acted, too, with remarkable spirit, and is evidently quite familiar with the stage. The new Valentine is Mr. Garcia, a son of the celebrated singing master. Mr. Garcia has a fine voice and sings with excellent expression. He was quite successful in the character assigned to him for his debut; but he fancy, nevertheless, that he will be heard to much greater advantage in the music of the Italian composers than in that of M. Gounod. Of Mr. Sims Reeves's performance we need scarcely speak. Every opera-goer knows how admirably he sings the music of "Faust," and how perfectly the celebrated air, "Salve dimora," suits his voice and style.

The operatic singers who assemble in London during the Italian Opera season are now dispersed all over Europe. Adelina Patti is in Paris, at the Italian Opera, singing with Mario (who is only hissed when he sings at the French Opera). Graziani, Tamberlik, Giuglini, and Nantier Didié, are at St. Petersburg. M^{me}. Lagrue, after fulfilling a short engagement at Turin, has left that city for Naples. M^{me}. Albani is at Bologna, where she has been singing at a concert for the Hospital of Young Orphans. Signor Ciampi is engaged at the Teatro Vallo, in Rome. M^{lle}. Volpini is singing at Lisbon, where she has been very successful, in the part of Gilda, in "Rigoletto." M^{me}. Barbot, who is not known in England, but who, when she is old enough and has lost her beautiful voice, will, no doubt, be offered an engagement by Mr. Gye, is at St. Petersburg for the winter season. In the spring she will proceed to Florence, there to take part with M^{me}. Borghi-Mamo and Signor Giuglini (not a bad trio) in the musical celebration to be given as a sort of capital-warming, and in honour of the political supremacy accorded to Florence above all other Italian cities.

Is it not strange that Miss Poole should be "conspicuous by her absence" (to borrow Lord Russell's adaptation of the French expression, "brillier par son absence") both from the Royal English Opera at Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal English Opera (Limited) at Covent Garden? What is more remarkable, is that Miss Poole is conspicuous by her presence at Mr. German Reed's Gallery of Illustration; and what is more remarkable still, is that Miss Poole, though she sings every night at the Gallery of Illustration, is really engaged for the season at the Royal English Opera (Limited). We are afraid the intelligence of the directors, like their company, must be "limited;" or, having once secured the services of such a vocalist as Miss Poole, they would contrive to turn them to some account.

In the meanwhile, the unlimited leave granted by the limited opera company to Miss Poole has been of great advantage to Mr. German Reed, who now gives regular performances of sham operas in a sham opera-house for the entertainment of scrupulous amateurs, who think that to hear real operas in real opera-houses is "wicked." At least, they don't think so; they have, probably, never thought on the subject. They have simply been told so in childhood (which they have never quite grown out of), and, somehow or other, cannot get rid of the notion. But we all have our prejudices; and some musicians would be inclined to look upon it as "wicked" to represent operas without a chorus and without an orchestra. Is art, it may indeed be asked, to go back to its infancy because there are a certain number of people in and about London who are childish?

However, the operatic, or rather operettic, performances at the Gallery of Illustration may have one good effect. They may make the people who habitually attend them anxious at last to know what a real opera is like. They may be tempted to commit the sin of going to hear Patti, Mario, and Ronconi in the "Barber of Seville," or in the "Elixir of Love," which they can then compare with Mr. Macfarren's "Jessy Lea," founded on the same subject. Of the two (in spite of their imbecility) they will like the "Elixir of Love" best, and many of them will end by becoming confirmed opera-goers. Thus Mr. German Reed may, without being aware of it, be engaged in the performance of a most useful work. It may be his mission to open the eyes and ears of sham-pietists, who wouldn't "for the world" go inside a theatre, but who flock night after night to hear theatrical performances in a place called a "Gallery." In time, instead of going to the gallery to hear an operetta, many of them will find themselves listening to an opera from the stalls.

Owing not to prejudice, but to want of leisure, we have been unable to hear "The Soldier's Legacy," which now replaces "Jessy Lea"—not in the playbills, but in the highly respectable programme of the Gallery of Illustration. We may mention, however, that it is founded on the French piece, from which the comic drama, "My Son's a Daughter," played some two years ago at the Strand, is derived; that the words are by Mr. Oxenford, the music by Mr. Macfarren, and that it is thoroughly successful.

WEST INDIA COTTON.—A West Indian paper says:—"Quite a mania has seized Antigua in regard to cotton cultivation, and extensive tracts of land are being planted, the young plants looking well. Already several shipments of this valuable article of commerce have been made, and a very much larger quantity would have been forwarded had the long spell of drought not hindered planting operations." The *St. Lucia* also says:—"Our various correspondents from the agricultural districts give us hopeful accounts of the progress of cotton cultivation throughout the island. This production, which in former times had been one of the staples, and enriched many of the original settlers, was allowed to degenerate to make room for the cultivation of the canes, so that latterly this island was almost a blank in England as a cotton-producing colony. The high price offered for this article in the home market and the increased value of clothing have at length aroused the energy of many of our planters and small manufacturers."

NEW RAILWAY CARRIAGES.—The necessity of devising means for preventing the perpetration of crimes in railway carriages has turned the attention of inventors to the subject, and the following contrivance has been proposed by a M. Leprovost. His railway carriage is made of sheet iron, and does not greatly differ in appearance from the common one. It is a first-class carriage, containing twenty-four places, or eight for each compartment. Within, a longitudinal passage establishes a communication between the compartments, and extends along the whole train from carriage to carriage. The partitions of each compartment, rising to the roof, prevent the inconvenience of draughts from the other compartments, and the partitions which form the passage protect the traveller from those which might come from the windows of the same compartment. From this it appears that travellers in the same compartment are only visible to the official that walks up and down in the passage. In Switzerland nothing can be more convenient than a railway carriage, to which the traveller gains access by ascending a few steps, leading to a sort of platform or balcony for smokers. Here a door opens into the interior, fitted up like a saloon, with a table in the middle and seats all round; the passengers, instead of being cramped by sitting for hours in the same posture, can walk about, or write, or play at chess or what if they please. The seats are made to turn so as to face opposite points of the compass, and everything is arranged on the most comfortable plan, with the only exception that the traveller desirous of solitude is not alone—a questionable comfort which, as we but too well know, is fraught with danger.

MANAGEMENT OF LIFE-BOATS.

A SHORT time since the steamer Ontario went on shore upon Hasbore Sands, near Yarmouth, and, while the crew were believed to be in danger, the Yarmouth beachmen, in whose care the life-boat stationed there is placed, refused to go off to the aid of the Ontario's crew. This has given rise to a good deal of discussion as to the arrangements in existence between the National Life-boat Institution and the persons who undertake to man their boats in cases of shipwreck on the coast; and, to clear up certain misapprehensions on the matter, Mr. Lewis, the indefatigable secretary of the National Institution, has published the subjoined explanation:—

With the exception of those at one or two places, our boatmen and fishermen, be it said to their great credit, are ever ready in cases of emergency to man the life-boats of the institution. It is true that the life-boats are the first of their class, that their crews have the utmost confidence in their qualities, and that, in addition to the inexpressible satisfaction of aiding to save a fellow-creature from a premature death, the crews are now certain of a stipulated amount for their laudable services. Their pecuniary rewards for such services consist of 10s. to each man comprising the life-boat's crew for day service, and 20s. per man for night duty, those rewards being totally irrespective of the number of lives saved, as you supposed.

Indeed, it occasionally happens that the life-boat puts off sometimes during a midnight storm to a vessel which was showing signals of distress. By the time the life-boat has arrived at the spot the vessel has got out of danger. The life-boat's crew are, of course, paid precisely the same as if their boat had returned freighted with a shipwrecked crew. In the report of the meeting of this institution in the newspapers of this day it will be seen that the crew of the Teignmouth life-boat received £13 for saving one man. On the recommendation of the local committee the life-boat crews are paid double the amount of the usual scale if they incur extraordinary risk or exposure, even in saving or attempting to save life; and in the event of a fatal accident occurring to a life-boatman it has been the practice for the institution immediately to undertake to make temporary provision for his widow or those dependent on him. As soon as the return of the service is received at the institution a cheque to pay the men is usually sent off by that night's post.

Altogether, the system of manning the society's life-boats has hitherto worked admirably on the coast, the men thoroughly understanding the nature of their implied contract with the institution.

Last year the boats were manned in all by about 6000 men, and, providentially, not a life was lost from them.

Wherever a life-boat has been established, the object of the National Life-boat Institution is, by means of the quarterly exercise of the boat, to accustom the ablest boatmen or fishermen of the place to its use in cases of shipwreck. These are all volunteers, for it would be absolutely impracticable to keep throughout the year so large a body of men exclusively for such a purpose in the permanent pay of any establishment, in addition to the fact that, in the event of any member of a permanent paid crew on an emergency being absent from illness, or any other cause, it would perhaps be difficult to supply his place.

RAILWAY PASSENGER'S SAFETY-SIGNAL.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED TIMES.)

SIR,—In your paper of last week you give an illustration of a railway carriage with a signal from the side of the carriage, with a description which is an infringement of an invention duly registered on the 27th of July last, and submitted to the railway companies early in August, and noticed at that time by several of the daily and weekly papers. The advantages our "Safety-signal" has over the one we allude to is, that at the same time the signal is thrown out a communication is made with the next compartment, so that assistance may be obtained from the passengers in cases of assault or robbery, and at the same time a bell is rung in the guard's van and also in the carriage from which the signal is exhibited, by means of which various signals may be given. Our arrangement does not require any alteration with respect to lighting of the carriages as at the present time in use; our lamp, being on the outside of the carriage, illuminates the disc of the signal.—Your obedient servants, E. BARBER, BERNARD and CO.
27, St. Peter's-street, Wharf-road, City-road.

SIR,—In your last publication you gave an illustration of a railway-carriage showing a mode of communication between passenger and guard in cases of alarm. I beg to inform you that when in London, some months back, I patented an invention which has been introduced to many railway companies' engineers, one of the features of which was the simple contrivance that you illustrated; but, in addition to this, my invention comprised a more important and complete means of communication from passengers to guards.—Your obedient servant,
CHAS. COTTON.
La Valette, Granville, Jersey, Nov. 9, 1864.

OPENING OF SOUTHWARK BRIDGE.—A large number of people assembled at noon, on Tuesday, to be present at the ceremony of opening Southwark Bridge free to the public. A large number of flagstuffs, with banners of all descriptions hanging from them, were fixed to the railing on the bridge's side; the toll-gates and turnstiles had been removed, and the tollhouses on each side of the bridge were deserted. The Lord Mayor, accompanied by the Sheriff, several members of the Court of Common Council, the members of the Bridge-house Estates Committee, and others, were met at the City end of the bridge by the directors and a committee of the shareholders of the company. The ceremony of handing over the title to the bridge having been gone through, the procession passed over the bridge, which was declared freely open to the public. Workmen were employed on Monday in repairing the roadway of the bridge and its approaches, making them fit for the increased traffic. The terms on which the bridge is leased by the Corporation of London are £1834 payable to the bridge company for six months, with the option of extending the period of free opening to twelve months on payment of an additional sum of £2750. After the ceremony the Lord Mayor entertained the company at luncheon at the Mansion House. Southwark Bridge was originally projected by Mr. Wyatt, and erected at a cost of £800,000 by a company of proprietors, who obtained the Act of Parliament in 1811—the opinion expressed by Mr. Rennie, the engineer, and suggested at the third reading of the bill, that, after "one hard frost, London Bridge might not last one year," serving as an excellent reason for expediting the erection of a new one in the vicinity. The work was commenced Sept. 23, 1814. The first stone of the south pier was laid by Lord Keith on the 23rd of May, 1815; and on the 7th of June, 1817, the Right Hon. Matthew Wood (Lord Mayor) laid the first stone of the northern abutment. The opening of the bridge took place at midnight on the 24th of March, 1819, when "thirty lanterns lighted by gas gave a most brilliant effect." There was no particular ceremony observed on the occasion; but, as St. Paul's clock struck twelve, the toll of one penny commenced.

OLD CLOTHES.—The great bulk of our cast-off clothes of all kinds find their way to two markets—Ireland and Holland. The destination of the red tunics of the whole British infantry is the chests of the sturdy Dutchmen. The sleeves are cut off, and they are made to button in a double-breasted fashion; thus remodelled, they are worn next to the skin like a flannel waistcoat by all careful Dutchmen among the labouring classes. The vast majority of the scarlet coats of our officers that are a little worn find their way to the great annual fair at Leipzig. There is a belief in the trade that the destination of this bright scarlet cloth is the cuffs and facings of the civil officials in the Russian Government. The pepper-and-salt greatcoats of our infantry go to our agricultural districts and to the Cape; but the heavier and more valuable artillery cloaks find their way to Holland; and that country and Ireland absorb between them the cast-off clothes of the police. There is one odd item of old clothes that has a singular history. There is still a certain class addicted to the use of silk-velvet waistcoats. After adorning the respectable corporation of some provincial grocer until he is thoroughly tired of it, what does our reader think is its ultimate destination? The fate of some street German or Polish Jew! In obedience to a Rabbinical law, it is not considered right by some of the more conscientious Hebrews to go uncovered, and these second-hand waistcoats are bought up to make skullcaps for their use. But old clothes, after they have served the purposes of two or three classes of society, are yet far from closing their career: when they have seen their worst they take altogether a new lease of existence. When old clothes are too bad for anything else they are still good enough for shoddy and mungo. Bailey, Dewsbury, and Leeds have been described as the grand centres of woollen rags—the tattered malion capitals into which are drawn all the greasy, frowzy, cast-off clothes of Europe, and whence issue the pilot-cloths, the petershams, the beavers, the talmas, the chesterfields, and the mohairs in which our modern dandies disport themselves. The old rags, after being reduced to the condition of wool by enormous-toothed wheels, are mixed with a varying amount of fresh wool, and the whole is then worked up into the fabrics we have mentioned, which now have the run of fashion.

EGYPTIAN KINGS ANTERIOR TO MOSES.—About three years ago, M. Auguste Mariette discovered at Sakharah, in the necropolis of ancient Memphis, not far from the Great Pyramids, the funeral chapel of the tomb of two personages called Nekht and Tounari. These personages filled important offices in Egypt under the reign of Iamesses II.—that is, about the time when Moses lived. The fact of this synchronism, by-the-way, asserted for the first time by the Vicomte E. de Rougé, is now confirmed by authentic testimonies of the existence of the Jews in Egypt under that reign, as M. Chabas has shown in his work on Egypt. To return to the chapel above alluded to, one of its walls is adorned with a bas-relief, which contains a hieroglyphic list of eighty-five medallions containing the names of Kings, arranged in two lines. This list has been called the table of Sakharah, and is the most important feature of the monument. M. Mariette has now, by continuing his excavations, discovered some fragments which were wanting to render it complete.

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SPECIAL NOTICE. **THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE** COMPANY. Constituted by Special Acts of Parliament. Established 1825. GOVERNOR. His Grace the Duke of BUCCLEUCH and QUEENSBURY. DEPUTY-GOVERNOR. The Right Hon. the Earl of ROSSLYN. **APPROACHING DIVISION OF PROFITS.** The Seventh Division of the Company's Profits is appointed to be made at Nov. 15, 1865, and all policies now effected will participate. The Fund to be divided will be the Profits which have arisen since Nov. 15, 1864. A Policy effected before Nov. 15, 1864, will not only participate in the approaching division of profits, but will secure one year's additional bonus, at all future divisions, over policies of a later date.

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